THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

AUGUST, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. SUETT, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following communications; most of which are intended for insertion.

Olla Podrida, No. 5, and continuation of the *Tour into South Wales*, by MORTIMER.

The *Starling*, a novel in miniature.

The *Negro of Sensibility*, by Mrs. HANWAY.

Thoughts on Good Nature, by UNA.

Elegy on the death of a favourite Dog; and *Sonnet to* Mr. HENRY KIRKE WHITE, on his poems lately published; by ARTHUR OWEN, Esq. whom we recommend to carry his intention into effect.

Two Poems by E——e, and three by JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Ode for the Birth-day of the author of the Seasons, by C.

The *Traveller*, written at *Pembroke*.

Portrait of Delphine, from the novel of that name.

Lines by J. A. S. written on the sea-shore in Wales.

Sonnet written on the sea-shore, by George Bonner.

The latter, transmitted by a Constant Reader at Liverpool, is not adapted to the plan of our work.

ERRATUM IN THE LAST NUMBER.

In Petrarch's sonnet, for "dolente" read "dolenti."

††† Mr. Lofft has lately produced "EMMA," A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY, founded on Fact, in which the UNITIES of *Time*, *Place*, and *Action*, are strictly observed.

We should be obliged to any friend who could furnish us with a portrait and accurate memoir of the late ingenious Mr. JACKSON, of *Exeter*.

THE

MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

AUGUST, 1802.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. SUETT.

With a Portrait.

RICHARD SUETT was born in London; and his father, who was a butcher, for many years officiated in St. Paul's Cathedral, in pointing out the beauties and curiosities of that noble building. While yet a boy, he performed a little part at the Haymarket theatre, as his first essay, and sung at a place of public resort in the vicinity of the metropolis. His musical education he received, as we understand, in the choir of a cathedral.

Soon as he attained the appearance of manhood, he became a votary of the sock in the country, and in the York company he acquired the reputation of being a pleasant low comedian, and an industrious respectable young man.

He was cotemporary with Mr. Kemble, and went to *Edinburgh* with that gentleman and the rest of the York company, where he gave equal satisfaction as in Yorkshire. From thence he was engaged at *Liverpool*, and soon afterwards he accepted an offer from the Drury-Lane managers. He made his appearance in Ralph, in the *Maid of the Mill*, and was well received. He gradually became a favourite in London, and on the death of Parsons succeeded to most of his characters. Mr. Suett is perfectly original in his style of acting; his humour, which is genuine and unforced, is greatly assisted by the comicality of his features, and the height and slenderness of his figure. He is besides an able musician, which has rendered his services almost indispensible in most of the operas which have been produced for a number of years past.

He married a Miss West, a dancer, before he appeared on the London boards, by whom he has a son, who possesses considerable vocal merit, and who has performed occasionally, in the *Iron Chest*, and other musical dramas, with some degree of *eclat*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. BRAHAM.

[Continued from page 8.]

In the same year in which he appeared at Drury-Lane theatre, Mr. Braham likewise sung at Salomon's concert, Hanover-square, the oratorios, &c. every where crowned with the applauses of his enraptured audience. Yet, such is the humility of real genius, and, at the same time, so elevated are its conceptions and desires of excellence, that, although at once established as a public favourite, he thought his attainments and qualities unimportant, while there yet remained for him to seek in Italy the last and highest accomplishments of his talents. For this purpose, therefore, he set out for the continent, and Signora Storace, our first comic singer, leaving England at the same time, he travelled in company with her; and, united by congenial talents, they reached Paris on the day preceding the memorable 18th of Fructidor. At Paris he wished to have remained a few week only, but the unexpected, though not unpleasing attentions which he, as well as Signora Storace, experienced from the Parisian public, detained him there for eight months, during which time, the concerts which they gave together were crowded at the price of a Louis for a ticket, though admittance to concerts in general was not more than six francs; and an offer was made to them of 1400 Louis per annum, if they would remain in Paris and superintend the establishment of an opera. But gold was not the object of our traveller's ambition. In the ensuing May, he took leave of his French friends, and set forwards for Italy, loaded with letters of recommendation and protection from the Directory to the various ambassadors of France in the Italian States.

Mr. Braham's first engagement for the Italian stage was at Florence, where he received the highest complimentary eulogiums from persons of all ranks. From Florence he proceeded to Milan and Genoa, and accepted several successive engagements, particularly at the latter city, where he was the more willingly detained, as, from the anxiety to omit nothing that might perfect his musical skill, he had devoted himself to the study of composition, under the able *Maestro Isola*, of whose school he has since exhibited such successful specimens.*

* It was during the siege of Genoa that he was there employed, and it is for the honour of professional talents, that, amidst the horrors of war and national enmity, they were still able to command security and respect.

At this place he received offers also from the conductors of the theatre at Naples, but the troubled state of the country did not make it desirable to accept them, and he therefore directed his route to Leghorn, Venice, Trieste, and, finally, to Hamburgh, every where accompanied with the most gratifying applause and admiration.*

At length, satiated with foreign fame, he panted to revisit his native country, from whence he had, by this time, received various solicitations for his return. He therefore found means to wave some pending engagements with the theatres of Milan and Vienna, and accepted one from Mr. Harris, at Covent-Garden, where he appeared in the winter of 1801, in the opera of CHAINS OF THE HEART.

His attraction and success from this moment are too well known to render any farther history requisite of him as a singer; but we have still to mention him as a composer. In the opera of the CABINET, afterwards produced at the same theatre, Mr. Braham composed his own songs, as well as some of those sung by Signora Storace, and several other pieces of music. The success of these was equal to his reputation. The same taste, the same natural force and pathos, appeared to pervade the style of his writing as of his singing. He has since shewn a similar specimen of his abilities in the opera of FAMILY QUARRELS.

Offers were now again made to him from Germany and Italy, but Mr. Harris was too conscious of the great advantages of his talents to let him be drawn away from his theatre. He was re-engaged to perform there for the last season, and is likewise for the ensuing one.

MR. LEE LEWES.

OF this comedian, though of considerable celebrity in the profession, we have not been able to trace any biographical notice in the numerous publications whose professed object it has been to record the history of our theatrical favourites. The following particulars,

* Marchesi, the singer, whom he met in the opera at Milan, regretted that his time of life would not allow of his attending him through the various theatres of Italy; and the Florentines addressed an elegant compliment to him, in which they professed to admire, in the instances of Mrs. Billington, Signora Storace, and himself, the singular change which had taken place in the relative pretensions to excellence, in vocal music, between their own country and England, to which latter they now owed the most distinguished singers at their opera.

therefore, which we promised to furnish in our last number, and which we have obtained through the medium of a literary friend, are to be considered as perfectly original, and of their authenticity we believe there can be no doubt.

Charles Lee Lewes was the son of a hosier, who lived in Bond Street many years, and was employed as a letter-carrier in the post-office. Young Lewes frequently acted as his father's deputy, and his liveliness and activity occasioned him to be noticed by several persons of distinction in the neighbourhood, by some of whom he was patronised after he was upon the stage. He was never initiated in any trade, and becoming fond of theatrical amusements, his inclination towards which was much strengthened by the encouragement he met with at some spouting societies, with which the town at that time abounded, and which Murphy has so well described and satirized in his excellent farce of the *Apprentice*, he entered into a strolling company. After experiencing, for a few years, the vicissitudes of an itinerant life, he was offered a situation at Covent Garden theatre. Though engaged chiefly to do the duty of a *Harlequin*, he performed several trifling parts in plays, which required a good figure, such as "the Princely Burgundy," in *King Lear*, &c. Upon the death of Mr. Dyer, he succeeded to most of the characters performed by that respectable actor, and was rising gradually into notice, when a circumstance occurred which rendered him an object of considerable importance to the manager, and firmly established him in the opinion of the public.

When Dr. Goldsmith's comedy of *She stoops to conquer* was put into rehearsal, there was a difficulty in casting the characters. Mr. Colman and several other judges predicted its failure. Under a supposition, therefore, that the comedy would be unsuccessful, some of the popular actors were unwilling to appear in it. It has been said that the part of *Young Marlow* was intended for Mr. Smith, who declined it. Be this as it may, the author in his dilemma entrusted it to Mr. Lee Lewes, and to his success in this character he owed his subsequent reputation. Goldsmith was so well satisfied with him that he wrote him an epilogue, at his benefit, to be spoken in the character of *Harlequin*, and concluding with a *jump through the stage door*. Mr. Quick established himself in the same play by his performance of *Tony Lumpkin*.

The death of Woodward soon after, viz. in April 1776, was another means of our hero's advancement. *Dashwou'd*, in *Know your own Mind*, which was to have been acted by Woodward, was as-

signed to Lee Lewes, and the play had a considerable run. Unhappily Mr. Lewes was carried away by this strong tide of success. He indulged ideas of his own importance, which neither prudence nor propriety could justify. A difference hereupon arising between him and the manager, he withdrew from the theatre. He afterwards (in 1785) obtained a situation at Drury Lane, but his popularity being on the decline, his stay there was but of short duration.

When John Palmer opened the Royalty theatre, Lee Lewes assisted him with Steeven's *Lecture on Heads,* altered by his friend Pilon, several of whose dramatic productions found their way to the stage, in a great measure, through the interest and exertion of Mr. Lewes. When the scheme in Goodman's Fields was abandoned, he went with his family to the East Indies, but the pecuniary advantage he hoped to derive from this voyage, fell far short of his expectations. On his return he joined Messrs. John and Robert Palmer, and the late Mr. Wilson, in a theatrical tour through Scotland. He performed also in Dublin, and occasionally in most of the principal theatres in England. On the death of his friend Palmer, he again endeavoured to obtain an engagement in London, but without effect, the decay of his powers being too strikingly obvious to all except himself. It was the constant error of this performer to estimate his merits above their real value. At one time, when his embarrassments, from which it was not in his nature to keep himself free, though often in his power, he rejected as we have been informed, a very handsome offer from Mr. Harris, on the ground that nothing less than the highest salary in the theatre was worthy of his acceptance.

His last appearance on a public stage was at Covent Garden, on the 24th of June, 1803, for his own benefit, having obtained the use of the house from Mr. Harris, and the gratuitous services of several distinguished performers.* He lived only a few weeks to enjoy the profits arising from this liberal assistance. He supped with some friends on the 22nd of July, apparently in his usual state of health, and on the following morning was found dead in his bed.

It was not till Mr. Lewis, the present eminent comedian of Covent Garden theatre, was engaged at that house, that our hero made that addition to his sirname which distinguished the two performers. He was christened Charles Lee Lewes; the name of Lee

* See the M. M. Vol. XV. p. 418.

was given to him at the request of one of his godfathers, Mr. Lee, a relation of the earl of Litchfield. He was married three times. By his first wife, whose name was Hussey, he had several children, of whom two daughters are living. The eldest was married to Wilson the actor; the youngest continued with her father. The mother, who had a little patrimony of her own, left it to her children in such a manner that Lee Lewes could not acquire any control over it. His second wife was the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Liverpool, named Rigley. By this lady also he had several children. There are two sons alive who inherit from their mother a very considerable property. The name of the third wife we do not know. He was buried at Pentonville, his funeral being attended by a few of his relatives. He was in the sixty-third year of his age.

CHURCH YARDS.

FORMERLY few persons chose to be buried on the north side of a church. The original reason was this:—In the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was customary, on seeing the tomb-stone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their soul, which was held to be very efficacious. As the common entrance into most churches was either at the west end, or on the south side of the church, persons buried on the north side escaped the notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuse spot, only very poor, or persons guilty of some offence, were buried there. Persons who, actuated by lunacy, had destroyed themselves, were buried on this side, and sometimes out of the east and west directions of the other graves. This is said to be alluded to in Hamlet, where the second clown bids the grave-digger make Ophelia's grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed.

HAMLET.—ACT V. SCENE 1.

Enter two Grave-diggers.

1st Grave-digger.—Is she to be buried in christian burial, when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2nd Grave-digger.—I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. PRATT.

[Continued from page 12.]

FROM the various commendatory verses prefixed to the sixth edition of this very popular work, we borrow the following, by the venerable Mr. Graves, the friend of Shenstone, and the patriarch of his school. They are truly descriptive both of the author whose fame they celebrate, and of his appropriate merits as a writer, and composed, as he tells us, in the eighty-eighth year of the age of the latter.

" Though various tours of travellers abound,
In which descriptive narratives are found,
Of buildings, statues, and each work of art,
Which, in due form, they pompously impart:
The power, the wealth, the commerce of each state,
With care they search, and faithfully relate.
This is their praise—but they convey no truth
To *interest the heart of age and youth.*

What they, for want of taste, neglect, you glean,
And often charm us with some cottage scene;
With hum'rous or pathetic tales amuse,
And to our *minds* present instructive views.
Thus, 'midst the various scenes through which you rove,
Even whilst we laugh, our morals we improve.
The politician, connoisseur, and sage,
With straw and stubble seem to load their page,
(Their stages regular, th' adventures few)
And leave full sheaves of golden grain to you."

RICH. GRAVES, now 88 years old.

On the whole, we have no hesitation in declaring, with the editor of some partial selections from the works of our author, which have been given to the world under the titles of "Pity's Gift," and the "Parental Present," that whether the heart is to be melted, or the understanding to be enlightened, there are few authors of the present day who have furnished better or more ample materials than Mr. Pratt.

To conclude our remarks on his literary character, we must observe, that some have declared him, as a poet, an imitator of GOLDSMITH, and, as a prose writer, of STERNE. That he is of the school of Goldsmith we will not pretend to deny, for a sweeter

poet than Goldsmith never wrote, and it shews good taste to catch his manner; but we will boldly assert that, instead of being an imitator of Yorick, he is not even a member of his school. Both were original writers, and a judicious critic has thus contrasted them.

"Sterne gave up the reigns to his imagination, and transported us through ideal scenes, frequently delightful, indeed, but often deformed by grossness and buffoonery. His beauties are the offspring of genius, but they are not a little heightened by juxta-position and contrast with faults. Mr. Pratt, on the other hand, with an eye to penetrate into nature, a heart to feel, and a pen to describe, seizes on real circumstances in life and manners, and works them up into the most commanding attitudes and bewitching forms. We see—we hear—we feel the force of his descriptions, and wonder why we should hitherto have overlooked what carries an appeal for its truth to every heart of sensibility. Always writing from the heart, and presenting objects to our contemplation, which are familiar to every discerning eye, his compositions derive a charm from his manner of selecting and grouping, which irresistibly wins the affections. In short, Mr. Pratt is as much an original writer as the delightful author of Shandy."

But permanent as will be the fame of the subject of this memoir, because it has been well earned, it is with sincere pleasure we have to bestow, from the concurrent testimony of those who know him best, a still higher degree of praise as a man than as an author. We are not unacquainted with passages in the history of Mr. P.'s early life, replete with misfortune, and almost every severity of trial, the details of which could not fail to wring every heart; but we shall spare ourselves and our readers the pain of recital.

Mr. P. passed the season of his life which is usually most free from care—that season when "the tear is forgot as soon as shed;" in a house unhappily not the scene of domestic enjoyment: and it is no wonder if, when wandering from the parental roof, he encountered the storms without that bore heavily on his youth, and more or less tinged with darkness his future destiny; as well as, in some measure, involved others in the gloom. The lady whom Mr. P. married is still living; her name is Larry; of a very respectable family, and of many worthy qualities in herself; and though for a number of years separated, for private reasons, no blame of any kind attaches to her character or conduct. In proof of which, the writer of this article has frequently heard her mentioned with high

regard by Mr. Pratt himself, who has invariably preserved an unbroken intimacy and confidence proportionate to that sentiment.

Of the fruit of this union, which took place in the extreme youth of Mr. P. out of three children there is but one who survives, who is spoken of as a very accomplished and amiable woman. She is now married to a gentleman of great wealth and fortune, of the kingdom of Ireland.

To have surmounted the difficulties which early gloomed his prospects, and to have resisted the pressure of ills, which would have overwhelmed minds of less vigour and elasticity; to have possessed sufficient philosophy to bear the descent from affluence and independence to slender means, which charity and benevolence to others have frequently rendered less, and to have established, on the ruins of health, of fortune, and of happiness, a reputation which has been gradually increasing, is an irrefragable testimony of private worth, combined with public talents. The writings of Mr. Pratt, indeed, are only the mirror of his life: the same playful fancy, the same tenderness of nature, the same sensibility, the same easy flow of language, adorn both his page and his conversation. Endeared to his friends, among whom are many estimable for talents or distinguished for rank, by a zeal for their welfare, and an assiduity to oblige, in which all personal sacrifices are overlooked, he justly enjoys their unbounded confidence; and this confidence he invariably applies to forward their interests, and direct them to happiness. Feeling for all mankind, and regarding angry and discordant passions as the principal sources of their misery, he is always ready, by advice and example, to reconcile differences, and to do away unfavourable impressions. In fact, wherever variance has arisen, and Mr. Pratt's influence has had any fair opportunity of being exerted, it may be said of him, as of the Man of Ross, that

"Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more."

If his generous exertions have not always been sufficiently appreciated; if, in some instances, obligations which could not be repaid have been basely cancelled by ingratitude; if his best and kindest actions have been distorted by misrepresentation, circumvented by malevolence, or discoloured by prejudice, it has never taught him timid caution, nor abated the ardour of his philanthropy. There is an enthusiasm in his character, as in his writings, which conceals the dark side of objects, and makes him view them in their fairest aspects. Though his whole life, except at its dawn,

has been an April day, with occasional gleams of sunshine, and many clouds and storms; from the happy structure of his mind, when not under the immediate pressure of suffering, he is ever ready to recur to the former, and to forget the latter. This renders his society peculiarly valuable and acceptable to those who are labouring under distress of body or mind; nor is it less agreeable to the happy and the gay, to the young, and to the old, to whose respective feelings and situations he can adapt himself with peculiar versatility of powers. The following sonnet, addressed to Mr. Pratt, on a mental review of his various works, confirms our remarks on his companionable talents.

SONNET.

TO MR. PRATT.*

On a mental review of his various works.

With thee, sweet bard! I've felt th' ecstatic glow
Awak'd by "SYMPATHY," and trac'd her laws;
"HUMANITY" has taught my tears to flow;
"BENEVOLENCE" has urg'd the "POOR" man's cause.

Led by the magic of thy fertile mind
Through fields of fancy have I lov'd to stray;
Now wept fictitious woes—to gloom resign'd,
Now caught mirth's transports from thy colouring gay.
To every touch my heart responsive beat,
And own'd a master's hand, and felt his powers complete.

But not, DEAR GLEANER, to thy genius bright,
Alone I pour this tributary strain;—
Oft has thy converse cheer'd dejection's night—
Thy friendly balm reliev'd severest pain!

W. MAVOR, L. L. D.

But it is not only in easy conversation that he shines: in reading and recitation he is a model fit for imitation; and, if we are not misinformed, some of the most distinguished characters at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the stage, have solicited and obtained his friendly advice and assistance, in qualifying them as public speakers. In a word, rising genius is always sure to find in him a ready and a zealous friend, according to his opportunities of serving and bring-

* The Latin complimentary verses inserted in the early part of this memoir, [p. 365, vol. xv.] are the production of J. Morfitt, Esq. author of many elegant performances.

ing it to light; and the unfortunate having a constant advocate in his own breast, never yet applied to him in vain, for what was in his power to bestow.

Suitable to these even well-intentioned, though not always fortunate ends, Mr. P. is assuredly endowed, both by nature and acquirements, with the most favourable means; his address being uncommonly engaging, and his manners peculiarly gentle. At the same time we are in recollection of instances, where his zeal has led him beyond the point at which it would have been not only more consistent with worldly wisdom, and with the ease of his own mind, but with the most adventurous friendship, to stop. An ardency of character this, which sometimes produces as great difficulties to the person who acts under its impulse, as those which it hazards every thing to remove from the breasts of others. But this is a knight-errantry in friendship, we are, on a double account, not disposed to damp: first, because there is little fear of this Quixotism becoming too common, and because we appreciate its motives, while we regret its occasional effects; and, secondly, because it is, at the worst, one of the ebullitions which "stumbles on abuse," only from its being pushed to an excess.

With respect to that spirit of jealousy which too often embroils writers with each other, the object of our immediate consideration certainly feels nothing. On the testimony of long experience we can assert, that it is one of the most supreme delights of his life, to add to the lustre of that merit which is eminent, and to discover and bring forward that which is in the shade; nor has the writer of this article, in the course of years of observation, ever heard him start or join in one illiberal, or even harsh remark on any contemporary author. On the contrary, his voice and pen have been warm in their praise, and generously indignant in their defence, whenever envy or malice, covert or avowed, has sent forth a poisoned arrow at the fame of worth or genius.

The beautiful painting from which the head that accompanies this memoir was taken, is one of the most striking likenesses we have seen. It was painted by that ingenious artist Mr. Beach, of Bath, who is mentioned with deserved applause in the immortal poem of "Sympathy," when our author was about thirty years of age. We understand it is the earliest picture that ever was taken of him, and it certainly is the best of which a copy has yet been laid before the public.

ESSAY ON MILTON.

(Continued from page 375, vol. XVI.)

THERE is no man so infamous, nor any cause so corrupt, but meets some one who, either from interest or coincidence of opinion, is ready to sacrifice his honour to his sentiments or convenience. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the deposition of Charles should excite the passions of many, and call forth abilities which would have been more honourably employed in affording better advice to the unfortunate monarch when in the plenitude of his power and in its fortunate decline.

The Eikon Basilikon, under the sanction of being written by the king, was ushered into the world at a time when the fury of the people began to cool. The effect was naturally to be dreaded: it had the same tendency as the will of Cæsar, and past through fifty editions in the course of one year at home and abroad. To counteract the ill consequences which were likely to ensue from this appeal, was a task imposed upon the abilities of Milton; and the candour with which he begins this celebrated answer (entitled Iconoclastes) and the solemnity of the period, can never be sufficiently admired.

"To descant on the misfortunes of a man, fallen from so high a dignity, who hath also paid his final debt to nature, and his faults, is neither itself a thing commendable, nor the intention of this discourse; nor let his enemies expect to find recorded here all that hath been whispered in the court, or alledged openly of the king's bad actions; it being the scope of this work not to relate the misdoings of his whole life, but to answer only and refute the mis-sayings of his book." Wishing not therefore to attack the private, or even the public life of the royal sufferer, any farther than he was impelled by necessity in the maintenance of his cause, he was guided by what he considered his duty, and all imputations of personal malice on his part must consequently be deemed futile and ungenerous.

As the Eikon was divided under many heads, Milton undertook to answer each of them in the same order.

Charles (the ostensible author) had affirmed that his last parliament was called, "*not more by others advice than by his own choice and inclination.*"

This declaration was so far from being true, that it was not even plausible, as his majesty's aversion to parliaments was but too well known, and Milton hesitates not in detecting a position so palpably flagrant, and draws an inference at once natural and cogent: "a

more unlucky and inauspicious sentence," says he, "*and more betoking the downfal of his whole fabrick, hardly could have come into his mind, and argues how little truth we can expect from the sequel of a book, which ventures, in the very first period, to affront more than one nation by an untruth so remarkable.*" In the course of this section he discovers that Charles's celebrated prayer published in his works, and entitled "A Prayer in the Time of Captivity," was literally transcribed from Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. This and other evidences induced Milton to doubt the circumstance of the king's being the *real* author of the book he was answering. The truth of this idea was afterwards accidentally confirmed by Lord Anglesea.

The detection of this plagiarism afterwards gave rise to much scandal and malignity, and the Royalists perceiving the ill effect which accrued to their cause from it, were induced to fasten an infamy upon the memory of Milton, which no one, conversant in the sublimity of his character, can be capable of believing; viz. that by Milton's and Bradshaw's artifice, this prayer was inserted in Charles's book, that he might have the glorious opportunity of detecting the theft. This malevolent accusation rests solely upon the evidence of a sordid bookseller, who, to gain the patronage of James II. and obtain the honour of being the Royal printer, was induced to rescue the memory of the King's father from reproach and contempt. The most decisive answer to this calumny, is the positive fact, that *the Eikon, with the prayer inserted in it, was edited three times before Milton's answer appeared.* And Juxon, who, after the Reformation, could be under no fear of ill consequences to himself, does not contradict the truth of its authenticity.

This section did more injury to the Royal cause, than all the answer besides. The kingdom, by the publication of the Eikon, had, in some measure, forgotten the crimes and follies of the deceased King, and were raised to compassion for his misfortunes, by the reading what was considered as his dying apology. The confession of some errors, and the vindication of others, had wrought a temporary belief in the goodness of his intentions, and there were not wanting many even of the popular party, who considered him rather as an ill-advised and unfortunate monarch, than as a man acting up to the hereditary opinions of his family. The piety displayed in the Eikon, imposed upon the imaginations of some, and upon the feelings of others: and it was to counteract the effect of these impressions, that Government commanded Milton to write this justly celebrated reply. The death of E. Strafford, the

march from Whitehall to the House of Commons, his proposals to O'Neal and Sir J. Henderson, next pass the ordeal of his criticism. Charles, or rather his author for him, had affirmed that the bill for triennial parliaments was granted in *all justice, reason, honour, and conscience*: this confession was a plausible argument for the royal defender to demonstrate the virtue of his intentions, and the magnitude of parliamentary ingratitude: but such a gift, as Milton says, "*was the third part of one step towards that, which in times past was our annual right.*" And unfortunately for the King's power, he had to contend with a wise and cautious assembly, who put but little faith in extorted concessions, uttered to lull them into security, that he might take the first opportunity of annulling the gift, when it could have been done without fear or injury to his safety.

The rebellion in Ireland, and the massacre of the protestants, "which, in the Province of Ulster, amounted, by their own computation, to one hundred and fifty-four thousand," was laid to the charge of the king and his ministers; and the popish lords and bishops opposing the sending assistance to that kindom, were consequently expelled the house.

The frequent audiences given to the popish committee, in the summer previous to that dreadful October; his Majesty's waving his right to five Irish counties, for a trifling rent; the opening of the rebellion two months after the return of the committee to Ireland; the fact of their being agents and actors in that horrible business, gave great colouring to this idea, and all the oaths and protestations distributed in the twelfth chapter of the Eikon, will perhaps be found too weak to combat the evidence of such presumptive circumstances. This was a serious and dreadful crime, whether of the Irish priests merely, or by the consent of the King: the effects were natural, and the violent and clamorous indignation against the government which succeeded, can excite but little surprise. Milton proceeds farther to investigate the truth of some positions advanced in the Eikon, treating at some length upon the events of the war; the reformation of the times; upon the king's delivering himself up to the Scots; and ridiculing the editor of the work for painting so much to the passions of the people, by representing the king at his prayers, in a print, prefixed as frontispeice. This closes his celebrated answer.

With respect to language, this is the masterpiece of his prose works; the sentiments are masculine and energetic, the periods, though sometimes too long, are sententious, and admirably rounded.

His allusions are always apposite, and discover the most profound learning, and consummate judgment; and, what is of greater consequence to himself and the world, fully conducing to the general contempt of all the cant of religious forms, *without the inward and spiritual grace.*

CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

BY ARTHUR OWEN, ESQ.

"HARASS me no more with thy cant and hypocrisy—I have no money for such a filthy vagabond as thou art," said I, still approaching the door. The hoary mendicant hung his head, and with his trembling hand wiped away the tears which stole down his pale, though venerable cheeks, whilst I could faintly hear him repeat "filthy vagabond as thou art"—the repetition, his age, his attitude, and his weeping touched me—most sensibly touched me. He made a nearer approach, and, after a few struggles, ventured to look me in the face. I was hastening to my pocket, when, that demon, Suspicion, still whispered me he was an impostor, I eyed him with sternness, but I saw that I had gone too far——that my scowl had entered his soul; he could no longer bear it, and in a moment, forgetting his posture of supplication, he energetically exclaimed, "Though, Sir, I may be poor, I am still honest; though I am a beggar, I have still feelings; and though you may esteem me an object unworthy of your charity, why thus cruelly wound me with your frowns?"—The fellow's eloquence came home with full power to my heart—he struck the master-string of my nature. I turned my back upon him (for I had not courage to meet the indignant glances of my tattered, though sentimental accuser) to get to my purse to reward his independant spirit, and pathetical appeal, when regaining my situation, I found that he had left me. My heart was harrowed to the very quick.—Oh! how poignantly did I lament my folly and barbarity, as I had lost (perhaps for ever) the blissful opportunity of asking forgiveness from one, whom I had thus insulted—of pouring my little all into the lap of a man of such sensibility, such intelligence, and such distress—but, says Prudence———"curse Prudence," replied I,—"I have here sacrificed a more ecstatic pleasure than a whole life spent in conformity to the dictates of cold-hearted prudence and ungenerous apathy, can possibly bestow."

Richmond.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

I ACCIDENTALLY picked up the subsequent epistle from one Molly Ritzon, a cook in the country, to Caleb Williams, a footman of the same family in town, and was the other day, with some friends, laughing heartily at the spelling, when a gentleman, who, like Pope's heroes, has taken a desperate plunge, and sunk very deep into the mud of black letter, reproved our mirth, and undertook to prove that there was authority for every word, which he has done to the following effect, and I hope that you will give it a place in your miscellany, as it will doubtless tend greatly to the encouragement of all unlettered geniusses, who will hereby learn that their little acquaintance with Dilworth and Lilly can act as no bar to their proceeding in a right line to the loftiest heights of Parnassus.

OLD NICK.

LETTER.

Barkshir,[1] *the leventh*[2] *of Aberel.*[3]

DERE[4] CALEB.

i[5] am not hable[6] to bear your dysceyt[7] — Why dyd not you speak your mening opinly[8] before? Mi[9] mynde[10] misgave me when i red[11] your letter, but i litill[12] thought you would go for to telle[13] me that you think Betty has more beuty[14] than i — It greves[15] mi sowle,[16] Caleb, to hear that you have becum[17] so hard harted[18] as to like hir[19] face, and slight myne,[20] after you know what — Thank the

1 Leland's Itinerary.
2 Douglas' Æneis, 1553.
3 In *Aberel* the thyrdde thay. Sir Otuel, MS.
4 Myne owne *dere* Lord. A rufull lament. By T. More, 1492.
5 Ritson passim.*
6 An Englishman is not *hable* to invent. Ascham's Schoolemaster, 1563.
7 Boke of Fortune, by T. More, 1557.
8 Know his *mening opinly*. Chaucer.
9 Elegy on Edward I, 1307.
10 It greved hath my *mynde*. A rufull lament.
11 I *red* how redy that he was. Gower's Confess. Amant, 1390.
12 His studie was but *litill* in the Bible. Chaucer's Millers Tale.
13 To make and forge it *for to telle*. Gower's Con. Am.
14 Her *beuty*. Chaucer.
15 See note 10.
16 Pray for my *sowle*. Ruf. lament.
17 An old Butler *becum* a Cutler. A mery jest by Maister Thomas More, 1402.
18 True *hart*. Chaucer.
19 *hir* face. Chaucer's Rom. of the rose.
20 See note 4.

* One of Mr. R.'s admirers, *(raræ aves,)* speaking of his compilations, said--- "R. is indeed a clever little fellow, but d---n his i's." Amen.

most highest[1] that no frute apperes[2] of our love, if hit[3] dyd, a pretty plite[4] i should be in al[5] along of you — We must have perischid[6] — Hevene[7] knows how i suffrid[8] when i red that you chusde[9] shee[10] before your owne dere Molly — i thought i should have run vild[11] and dyde[12] — i made the hole[13] hal[14] of the castill[15] ring agen[16] — i eat no vitailes[17] tho' we have a lode,[18] and never drink no wyne[19] tho' Mister John, the Steward, always sends me a glass aftir suppir.[20] We have had some festis[21] of late as you must have herde,[22] but thei are clene[23] nought to me since i have lost the rihte waye to that blis[24] which I always enjoyed at this seson of the yere[25] with mi Caleb — i take no joye[26] in any thing now — the birds even sings[27] amis,[28] and trewly[29] tother day i semid[30] so much like a ded[31] body that Farmer Giles laid holt[32] of me and axed[33] me whether i wasnt a Gost[33] — Indeed Caleb you are the most dayntyist[34] man I ever herde of — Drat that Betty — let hir take care of hir eyes

1 Psalms of David.
2 No *frute apperes.* Chauc.
3 That *hit* be, &c. Elegy on Ed. I.
4 When Rome stoode in noble *plite.* Gower's Con. Am-
5 al i do. Castel of love. MS. See Warton's Hist. Poet.
6 Like to have *perischid.* Lelands New Year's Gift, 37th Hen. viii.
7 The torettes of *Hevene.* The pricke of conscience, 1349.
8 *Suffrid* cold ful stronge. Chaucer's Rom. of rose.
9 I *chusde* myselfe a wife. Jacke Drum's Entertainment, 1601.
10 Such power *shee* hath. The complaint of Rosamond, by Sam Daniel, 1594.
11 Unhallowed strings that *vildly* jar'd. Musophilus of Daniel, 1594.
12 Before that Merlin *dyde.* Spenser's F. Q. B. 3.
13 Letters for *hole* wordes. Leland's Itin.
14 In a Lordis *hal.* Chaucer's Prol.
15 Sometimes a *Castill.* Id. Squier's Tale.
16 Twill all be well *agen.* Time's Whirligig, 1647. By Willis.
17 *Vitailes* of the best. Chauc. Prol.
18 Is not of them, but rather is their *lode.* Musoph. Daniel, 1594.
19 *Never* drank *no wyne.* Richard cuer du Lyon,
20 *Aftir suppir* goth this nobil king.
21 22 For oft at *Festis,* I have herde saie. Chauc.
23 *Clene.* Funerallis of Ed. the Syxt, 1560.
24 The *rihte waye* to that *blis.* The pricke of Conscience.
25 *Seson* of the *yere.* Chaucer.
26 To se that lampe of *joye.* In Wart.
27 *Serpents* never *hisses.* Venus and Adon. of Shaksp.
28 Have me excused if I speke *amis.* Chauc. Squiers Prol.
29 *Trewly* to tell. Minot's Poem on the Wars of Ed. III. 1352.
30 It *semid* all the rockis were away. Chauc.
31 If it were *ded.* Chauc.
32 Death came rushing in---and on him *laid holt.* Davison's Poems, 1621.
33 Chaucer.
34 *Most dayntyist.* Chauc. January and May.

that's al—i'll make eche[1] of them as blak[2] as a Cole,[2] you shal[3] se[4] els.[5] Why dont shee marry Master's Varlet,[6] that Italianated[7] Rascal? he's cumly[8] eno' for sutch[9] as hir. We talk much heere[10] of Master—thei[11] tel[12] me es cumen[13] down into the Cuntree,[14] along with his son, his aire[14] thei cal[15] him. Then i shal se you, and I dare to say we shal be as thik[16] agen and as hapy[17] as ever we've bin.[18]

Adew Swete hart[19]

MOLLY RITZON.

P.S. If you dont come bi[20] Coach but on the hors[21] you 'll se me on the Rode.[22]

HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED.

(Continued from p. 16.)

THE faithful Dewtahs trembled at hearing these words, and admired the power of the Eternal—who continued—" I have not withdrawn my mercy from Moisasoor, Raubon, nor any of the rest of the chiefs of the rebellious Dewtahs, whom the thirst of power has intoxicated. I will try the disposition they have to do evil, and permit them to enter into the eight bonbons of punishment and probation, where they shall have the power to tempt, and be

1 In *eche* of hir two cristall eyes. Chauc.
2 *Coleblak* silk. Chauc. Miller's Tale.
3 Ritson passim.
4 See note 26.
5 *els*. Chauc.
6 *Varlettes* for Valets. Froissart Trans. 1523.
7 Men *Italianated*. Ascham.
8 Mani a *cumly* knight. Minot.
9 Specially *sutch*. Paynter's Pallace of Pleasure, 1566.
10 *Heere's* my agent readie. The miseries of inforst Mariage. G. Wilkins, 1611.
11 *Thei* spake. Chauc.
12 Ritson.
13 *es cumen*. Minot.
14 The right *Aire* of that *Cuntree*. Id.
15 Ritson.
16 Were it as *thik* as is a branchid oak. Chauc.
17 Ritson Met. rom.
18 I had *bin* exercised to the tongues. Milton's prose tract. 1641.
19 *Adew swete hart*. Rufull lament.
20 Also *bi* night. Gower.
21 The *hors* anow, &c. Chauc. Sq. tale.
22 Spencer.

exposed to the same temptations which caused their revolt. But if the rebellious chiefs yield to their malevolent dispositions, this power of doing evil, which I grant to them, shall increase their guilt and punishment; whereas, the resistance which they may make to their temptations, will be considered as a strong proof of their sincerity, grief, and repentance." The Eternal was silent; and the faithful Dewtahs sung songs of praises and adoration, though the lot of their brethren caused their grief. They assembled together, and, through Vistnou, unanimously beseeched the Eternal to allow them to descend, from time to time, unto the eight bonbons of punishment and probation, under an human figure, in order to guard, by their presence, their advice, and their example, the unhappy Dewtahs from the temptations of Moisasoor, and the chief rebels. The Eternal granted it, and the celestial hosts expressed their gratitude in strains of joy. When they had finished, the Eternal proceeded in these terms:—" Bhirmah, arm yourself with my glory and power, and descend to the lowest bonbon of punishment and purgation, and make known to the rebels, the words I have spoken, and the decrees I have passed against them; and order them to enter into the bodies I have prepared for them for habitations." Bhirmah presented himself before the throne of the Eternal, and said to him—" I have done as you commanded: the rebellious Dewtahs have been overjoyed with the grace you have shewn them; they have acknowledged the justice of your decrees, and have manifested their grief and repentance, and have entered the mortal bodies you have prepared."

Creation of the World, according to the Gentoos.

VI. At length the time came when the Eternal wished to create the Dounea Houda. He confided the government of Maha Surgo to his first-created Bhirmah, and rendered himself invisible to all the celestial host. When the Eternal began the new creation of the Dounea Houda, he had to get the better of the opposition of the two powerful Ossoors, who were born of the wax of the ears of Bram, and who were styled, Modou and Kytoo. The Eternal fought for five thousand years with Modou and Kytoo: he made them touch his thigh, and were overcome and confounded with Meerto (the Earth.) And it came to pass, that, having vanquished Modou and Kytoo, the Eternal again became visible, and clothed himself in all his glory. And thus spake the Eternal, saying, "You, O Bhirmah! shall create every living form which shall be found in

the new-created fifteen bonbons of punishment and purification, according to the power of the spirit which will inspire you. And you, O Vistnou! shall watch over them; you shall love and preserve them: and you O Seeb! shall change and destroy every created thing, according to the powers I will give you." Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb, having heard the words of the Eternal, promised to obey him. The Eternal addressed himself to Bhirmah, and said, "Begin to create the eight bonbons of punishment and purgation, and that of Meerto, according to the power of the spirit which I have given you; and do you, in like manner, Vistnou, acquit yourself of your task." And when Bram had heard the orders of the Eternal, he immediately formed a leaf of betel, and laying himself upon it, floated on the surface of the waters; and the children of Modou and Kytoo fled and disappeared. After the agitation of the waters had ceased, through the power of the spirit of Bram, Vistnou transformed himself into a prodigious wild boar, and having descended into the abyss of the waters, he tore up Meerto with his fangs, and it immediately produced a large tortoise, and a monstrous serpent. Vistnou placed the serpent on the back of the tortoise, and Meerto on the head of the serpent, and every thing was created by Bhirmah in the eight bonbons of punishment and probation, and also in the eighth, that is, Meerto; agreeable to the power of the spirit, with which the Eternal had endowed him: and Vistnou undertook to watch over every thing Bhirmah had created in the eighth bonbon, Meerto; and to take care of their preservation, in the manner the Eternal had ordained him to do.

Bhirmah measures the space or duration of time since the creation of the Dounea Houda, or Universe, by the revolution of four Iogues.

The first age is called the Souttie Iogue, and contains thirty-two lacks of common years, ...	32,00,000
The second age, or Tertiu Iogue, contains sixteen lacks,	16,00,000
The third age, or Dowapur Iogue, contains eight lacks, ...	8,00,000
The fourth age, or Kalli Iogue, contains four lacks, ...	4,00,000
Total, sixty lacks,	60,00,000

And seventy-one revolutions of the four Iogues, make a munnuntor of common time, or 426,000,000 years.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

Weston-Underwood, July 20, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been long silent, and must now be short. My time since I wrote last has been almost wholly occupied in suffering. Either indisposion of my own, or of the dearest friend* I have, has so entirely engaged my attention, that, except the revision of the two elegies you sent me long since, I have done nothing; nor do I at present foresee the day when I shall be able to do any thing. Should Mrs. Unwin recover sufficiently to undertake a journey, I have promised Mr. Hayley to close the summer with a visit to him at Eartham. At the best, therefore, I cannot expect to proceed in my main business till the approach of winter. I am thus thrown so much into arrear respecting Milton, that I already despair of being ready at the time appointed, and so I have told my employer.†

I need not say that the drift of this melancholy preface is to apprize you that you must not expect dispatch from me. Such expedition as I can use I will, but I believe you must be very patient.

It was only one year that I gave to drawing, for I found it an employment hurtful to my eyes, which have always been weak and subject to inflammation. I finished my attempt in this way with three small landschapes which I presented to a lady.‡ These may

* This friend was the *Mary* of Cowper, to whom he addressed the exquisite sonnet and verses inserted in Hayley's life of 'the Poet of Christianity,' vol. ii. The second visitation of a paralytic attack in May 1792, had affected the speech of Mrs. Unwin, had taken away the use of her right hand and arm, and rendered her for some time incapable of self-motion. Its effects were little less severe on the sensitive and sympathising frame of Cowper. But ere the beginning of August, these affectionate and interesting invalids had so far recovered as to venture on a journey to Eartham in Sussex, where they sojourned during six weeks, at the paradisaical villa of Mr. Hayley.

† July 15, 1792: Cowper to Hayley. "As to the affair of Milton, I know not what will become of it. I wrote to Johnson a week since to tell him that the interruption of Mrs. Unwin's illness still continuing, and being likely to continue, I knew not when I should be able to proceed." See Hayley's life, vol. ii. p. 63.

‡ Perhaps Lady Austen.

perhaps exist, but I have now no correspondence with the fair proprietor. Except these, there is nothing remaining to show that I ever aspired to such an accomplishment.

The hymns in the Olney collection marked (C) are all of my composition except one, which bears that initial by a mistake of the printer. Not having the book at hand, I cannot now say which it is.*

Wishing you a pleasant time at Margate, and assuring you that I shall receive, with great pleasure, any drawing of yours with which you may favour me, and give it a distinguished place in my very small collection—

I remain, dear Sir,

Much and sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

SELECT SENTENCES.

TREES afford us the advantage of shade in summer, as well as fuel in winter. So virtue allays the fervour of our passions in our youth, and serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

IT is the greatest consolation to the poor, whose ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the *rich must die*, as well as themselves.

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

WHAT some people term *freedom* is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things.

THE first part of a newspaper which an ill-natured man examines is the list of bankrupts and the bills of mortality.

* The number of hymns contributed by Mr. Cowper appear to have been sixty-six. Mr. Greatheed, relying on the denotation of the printer, has made them sixty-seven, and Mr. Hayley sixty-eight. The Rev. Mr. Newton, in his preface to the Olney collection, declares that "a desire of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere christians, though the principal was not the only motive to this undertaking. It was likewise intended as a monument to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship." These associated efforts of piety and amity have undergone repeated impressions. "Such fellowship in literary labour, for the noblest of purposes, must be delightful indeed," says Mr. Hayley, "if attended with success, and at all events is entitled to respect; yet it may be doubted if the intense zeal with which Cowper embarked in this fascinating pursuit, had not a dangerous tendency to undermine his very delicate health. So 'fearfully and wonderfully are we made,' that man, in all conditions, ought perhaps to pray, that he never may be led to think of his Creator and of his Redeemer, either too little or too much." Life of Cowper, vol. i. p. 88.

ORIGINAL LETTERS
FROM
THE LATE EARL OF ORFORD,
RESPECTING CHATTERTON.

From the Manuscripts of the Rev. Mr. Cole.

[Mr. Cole received his education at Cambridge, where he formed an early intimacy with Horace Walpole, Gray, and Mason. In 1750 he was collated to the rectory of Hornsey in the neighbourhood of London, which he held but a year: residing the chief part of his life at his parsonage of Milton, in Cambridgeshire. At his death, in 1782, he bequeathed his large collection of manuscripts, consisting of parochial surveys, historical anecdotes, &c. to the British Museum, with an injunction that they should not be opened *till twenty years after his decease.* The time of their concealment expired at the beginning of the present year; and they are now open for the inspection of the curious.]

MS. COLE, VOL XXIII. F. 103. B.

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, at Milton, near Cambridge.

Strawberry Hill, June 19. 1777.

I THANK you for your notices, dear Sir, and shall remember that on Prince William. I did not see the Monthly Review, but hope one is not guilty of the death of every man who does not make one the dupe of a forgery. I believe Macpherson's success with Ossian was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London, till some time after he had undone and poisoned himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand; and even in that circumstance he told a lie; he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them. If any man were to tell you that monkish rhymes had been dug up at Herculaneum, which was destroyed several centuries before there was any such poetry, should you believe it? Just the reverse is the case of Rowley's pretended poems. They have all the elegance of Waller and Prior, and more than Lord Surry; but I have no objection to any body believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius—but I cannot think that Rowley foresaw metres that were invented long after he was dead, or that our language was more refined at Bristol in the reign of Henry V. than it was at court under Henry VIII. One of the chaplains of the bishop of Exeter has found a line of Rowley in Hudibras. The monk might foresee that too! The prematurity of Chatterton's genius is, however, full as wonderful as that such a prodigy as Rowley should never have been heard of till the eighteenth century. The youth and industry of the former are miracles too; yet still more credible. There is not a symptom in

the poems, but the old words, that savours of Rowley's age. Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday.

The other story you tell me is very credible, and perfectly in character. Yours ever,

H. W.

MS. COLE, VOL. XXV. FOL. 50. B.

In one of Mr. Michael Tyson's letters to Mr. Cole, February 4, 1779, he writes, "I find from Mason, that Mr. Walpole is about to print an account of his transactions with Chatterton. Gray and Mason both saw the poems at Mr. Walpole's house, and both pronounced them to be modern forgeries, and recommended the returning them without any further notice."

MS. COLE, VOL. XXV. F. 61. B.

"*Berkely Square, Dec.* 30, 1781.

"You will be surprised, when I tell you, that I have only dipped into Mr. Bryant's book, and lent the Dean's, before I had cut the leaves, though I had peeped into it enough to see, that I shall not read it. Both he and Bryant are so diffuse on our antiquated literature, that I had rather believe in Rowley, than go through their proofs. Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrwhyt have more patience, and intend to answer them; and so the controversy will be two hundred years out of my reach. Mr. Bryant, I did find, begged a vast many questions, which proved to me his own doubts. Dr. Glynn's foolish evidence made me laugh, and so did Mr. Bryant's sensibility for me. He says Chatterton treated me very *cruelly* in one of his writings; I am sure I did not feel it so. I suppose Bryant means under the title of Baron of Otranto, which is written with humour. I must have been the sensitive plant, if any thing in that character had hurt me! Mr. Bryant too, and the Dean, as I see by extracts in the papers, have decorated Chatterton with sanctimonious honour. Think of that young rascal's note, by summing up his gains and losses, by writing for and against Beckford, he says, "Am glad he is dead by 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*." There was a lad of too nice honour, to be guilty of a forgery! and a lad, who they do not deny, forged the poems in the style of Ossian, and fifty other things. In the parts I did read, Mr. Bryant, as I expected, reasons admirably, and staggered me; but when I took up the poems called Rowley's, again, I protest I cannot see the smallest air of any antiquity but the old words: the whole texture is conceived on ideas of the present century. The liberal manner of thinking of a monk, so long before the reformation, is as stupendous—and where he met with Ovid's Metamorphosis, Eclogues, and plans of Greek tragedies,

when even Caxton, a printer, took Virgil's Æneid for so rare a novelty, are not less incomprehensible:—though these things I speak at random, nor have searched for the æra when the Greek and Latin classics came again to light—at present, I imagine, long after our Edward IV.

Another thing struck me in my very cursory perusal of Bryant. He asks where Chatterton could find so much knowledge of English events? I could tell him where he might, by a very natural hypothesis, though merely an hypothesis. It appears by the evidence that Canninge left six chests of MSS. and that Chatterton got possession of some, or several. Now what was therein so *probably* as a diary drawn up by Canninge himself, or some churchwarden or wardens, or by a monk or monks? Is any thing more natural, than for such a person, amidst the events of Bristol, to set down such other public facts as happened in the rest of the kingdom? Was not such almost all the materials of our ancient story! There is actually such an one, with some curious collateral facts, if I am not mistaken, for I write by memory, in the history of Furnese, or Fountaines Abbey; I forget which. If Chatterton found such an one, did he want the extensive literature on which such stress is laid? Hypothesis for hypothesis;—I am sure this is as rational an one, as the supposition that six chests were filled with poems never else heard of.

These are my indigested thoughts on this matter,—not that I ever intend to digest them—for I will not at sixty-four, sail back into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and be drowned in an ocean of monkish writers of those ages, or of this!

Yours, most sincerely.

H. Walpole."

MS. Cole, Vol. xxv. P. 66.

" *To the Rev. Mr. Cole. Milton.*

Feb. 22, 1782.

" I doubt you are again in error, my good Sir, about the letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, against the Rowleians, unless Mr. Malone sent it to you; for he is the author, and not Mr. Steevens, from whom, I imagine, you received it. There is a report, that proof of some part of Chatterton's forgery is to be produced, from an accomplice; but this I do not answer for, nor know the circumstances. I have scarce seen a person who is not persuaded that the *fashion* of the poems was Chatterton's own; though he might have found some old stuff to work upon, which very likely was the case; but now that the poems have been so much examined, nobody (that has an ear) can get over the modernity of the modulation, and the

recent cast of the ideas and phraseology, corroborated by such palpable pillage of Pope and Dryden. Still the boy remains a prodigy, by whatever means he procured or produced the edifice he erected: and still it will be inexplicable how he found time or materials for operating such miracles. Yours ever,

H. W.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER.

Mr. Editor,

At this momentous crisis, I trust that the following precatory address will readily find a place in your patriotic magazine. It is compounded of two prayers, made by Queen Elizabeth, at a former period of national trouble, and printed in Sorocold's "Supplications of Saints," of which a twenty-seventh edition appeared in 1642.

Yours, &c. S. K.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER *(for the success of her arms.)*

Most omnipotent Maker and Guider of all this world's mass! that alone searchest and fathomest the bottom of all hearts, and in them seest the true original of all actions intended. Thou, that by thy foresight dost truly discern, how no malice of revenge, nor quittance of injury, nor desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of lucre, hath bred the resolution of our now-collected army; but a heedful care and a wary watch, that no neglect of foes nor over-surety of harm, might breed either danger to us, or glory to them. We crave, with bowed knees and hearts of humility, thy large hand of helping power, to assist our just cause; not founded on pride's motion, nor begun on malice' stock, but (as thou best knowest to whom nought is hid) grounded on just defence from wrongs, from hate, and bloody desires of conquest.

These being the grounds, O God! [of our present warfare] since thou hast imparted means to defend that which thou hast given, we humbly beseech thee, with bended knees, prosper the work, speed the journey, give the victory, and make the return—the advancement of thy glory, the triumph of thy fame, and surety of the realm, with the least loss of English blood, to such as despise their lives for their country's good, in a good cause; that all foreign lands may laud and admire the omnipotency of thy work, a work for THEE only to perform. So shall thy name be spread, for wonders wrought, and the faithful encouraged to repose in thy unfellowed grace; and we be enchained in thy bonds for perpetual slavery, and live and die the sacrificers of our souls, for such obtained favour. To these devout petitions, Lord, give thy blessed grant. Amen.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Select Poems; by the Author of Indian Antiquities. 8vo. 7s. *White.* 1803.

OF Mr. Maurice's poems, of the vigour and spirit that distinguish them, of their moral tendency, and the uncommon melody of the versification, we have had more than one occasion of giving our unbiassed opinion. The present SELECTION is made with judgment, and consists of the most animated and polished in the larger collection, published some time since. The principal are the Crisis, written in 1788, on the threatened invasion of Britain by the French, and is, at this period, with great propriety reprinted, and placed foremost in the catalogue; the much admired Elegy on Sir William Jones; Westminster Abbey; the sublime Ode to Mithra; the School Boy, in imitation of the Splendid Shilling; and the Prospect of Life, painting the dark side of things strongly and justly.

The Crisis commences with the following energetic lines addressed to Mr. Pitt, at that time premier.

OH! THOU, whose laurels, through each circling year,
As long as Time rolls on his vast career,
While public virtue fires th' admiring soul,
Or Genius awes it with her strong côntrol,
Shall brighter bloom,—Britannia's early pride,
Whose talents charm her, and whose counsels guide:
If the dark storms, that still o'er Europe lower,
For letter'd ease allow one transient hour;
If yet thy soul the heaven-born muse delight,
Sublime, of potent voice and eagle-flight,
When, fir'd in virtue's cause, she pours along
The thund'ring torrent of Tyrtæan song:
Immortal son of an immortal sire,
To thee that muse awakes the patriot lyre.
For others let the fragrant incense burn,
Wafted from adulation's flaming urn;
Unaw'd by menaces, unwarp'd by praise,
Proud sterling virtue seeks no borrow'd bays;
While Genius, tow'ring on its throne of light,
Shines, in its own transcendent lustre, bright;
The flame it feels through kindred bosoms spreads,
And wide the intellectual radiance sheds,
As yon bright orb that lights the distant pole,
And warms the glitt'ring spheres that round it roll.

Exhaustless, flames with undiminish'd beam,
Nor misses from its fount th' immortal stream.

The ferocity of democratic France, at the most ensanguined period of the revolution, is pourtrayed with a masterly pencil, and ought to serve as a dreadful warning to Britain.

Let the ferocious Gaul, with blood defil'd,
Stalk the first savage of the boundless wild;
With bold impiety his God blaspheme,
And brand religion as the bigots dream;
Let him, too faithful to his barb'rous creed,
And from the burning goad of conscience freed,
Rend all the sacred moral ties that bind
In chains of social intercourse, mankind;
With fire and sword the ravag'd globe deface,
The scourge and horror of the human race:
While the dire guillotine in secret gleams,
'Mid beauty's piercing shrieks and infant screams;
And countless victims, in the whelming wave
Plung'd headlong, make the frighed Soane their grave.
But Britons, faithful to the altar's fire,
Oh! still, with fervent zeal, to heaven aspire:
Close by that altar tow'rs a shrine sublime,
Whose adamant defies the rage of time,
To Liberty, that shrine your fathers rais'd,
And, while the radiant flame of incense blaz'd,
And, while they clash'd aloft the brandish'd sword,
To heav'ns high throne their ardent vows they pour'd;
Ceaseless to watch those sacred fires they swore,
To Freedom burning on her favourite shore;
And, with the noblest blood that warm'd their veins,
From insult guard Religion's hallow'd fanes.
Ever may Britons at those altars bend,
And with the Patriot's fire the Christian's blend;
Alike for virtue as for freedom glow,
And burst in vengeance on the ruffian foe,
Who, with envenom'd rage, those shrines surround,
Altars and thrones would level with the ground,
And on their smoking ruins rear on high
Far diff'rent fanes to brave th' insulted sky;
Fanes where dark Hecat', with her rav'ning brood,
Shall nightly quaff rich streams of infant blood;
Atheists their Maker curse; dire murderers yell;
And licens'd dæmons act the rites of hell!
Oh! born the guardian of our sinking state,
Born to snatch Europe from the jaws of fate,
With firmness, Pitt, undaunted, persevere,
While righteous heav'n applauds and men revere;

From Usurpation wrest her ill-got pow'r,
Chain down her vultures, burning to devour;
Bid Liberty the toiling slave illume,
And chase the horrors of the dungeon's gloom.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
Exalt your standards, grasp th' avenging spear;
In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
Be firm, and brave the powers of earth combin'd.

The author then proceeds to describe the massacres and outrages committed by the French marauders in Austria and Italy, and is peculiarly animated in his description of the barbarities exercised in their desolating progress through Egypt.

Tremendous as the Samian's burning gales,
Whose fiery pinions sweep thy blasted vales,
Afric! the RAVAGER* of beggar'd Rome,
From whose high mandate empires wait their doom,
Infuriate bursting on thy sultry shores,
All the red phials of his vengeance pours.
Ye wretched offspring of a race renown'd,
For arts, for arms, to earth's remotest bound;
Who gave to raptur'd Greece her lore sublime,
And roll'd their thunder through each distant clime;
Why, when auspicious Sirius' rising beam
Calls, from his mountains, Nile's redundant stream,
Why, as in gladden'd Egypt's ancient day,
Exalt ye not the loud exulting lay?
O'er Cairo's lofty tow'rs does famine spread
Her brooding wing, and heap her streets with dead,
Or, bursting Ethiopia's sultry bound,
Stalks the dark pestilence his nightly round,
A direr scourge than famine's vulture fangs,
Or baleful pestilence, o'er Egypt hangs!
Along her Nile what frantic shrieks resound
Of myriads plunging in her bed profound;—
The crowded city, the sequester'd shade,
Alike the human cannibals invade;
Through Cairo's streets rolls down the crimson wave,
And Egypt, to her sons, is one vast grave.
Rise, swarthy hosts, in all the dreadful ire
Which nature and your torrid clime inspire!
Fierce as the wounded tiger scow'rs the plain,
Or baited lions, when they burst the chain,
Rush, rush in fury, on the blood-stain'd foe,
Bear high the sabre, and strike deep the blow!
But, when those vanquish'd foes shall roll in dust,
And own, repentant, heaven's high vengeance just;

* Bonaparte.

To bathe your swords in fruitless blood forbear,
Tell them that *Afric's savage hordes can spare.*
Though your usurping lords no mercy shew'd,
When Alexandria's streets with blood o'erflow'd.
Restrain your vengeance, check the crimson tide,
And yield that mercy to her sons denied.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
Exalt your standards, grasp th' avenging spear;
In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
Be firm, and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

The perpetual efforts of France, in every age, to crush her too generous rival, BRITAIN, as well as the striking contrast, in character, of the natives of each country, are accurately and feelingly depicted: nor shall we be afraid of wearying our readers by adding the lines immediately following, that take a survey of the triumphs obtained by Britons, when fighting on *terra firma*, over her vaunting foe.

But, are there dastards so dreprav'd and base
To pant for peace with this detested race!
Go, bid the everlasting flame *descend*;
With Neptune's waters strive that flame to blend;
Bid hungry tigers, prowling wild for food,
Crouch with the tameness of the fleecy brood
When vanquish'd Nature thus thy skill shall bend,
Then hope to make perfidious Gaul thy friend!
For ages who hath join'd each daring foe,
That aim'd thy tow'ring greatness to o'erthrow;
Beneath her yoke thy stubborn neck to bend,
And from thy grasp the ocean's sceptre rend;
Of civil discord who the flames have fann'd,
When mad rebellion rag'd around the land;
Who fir'd her torches on Columbia's shore,
And from its parent stock an empire tore.
What though no soft seductive arts ye boast,
Rough like your native clime, and rugged coast,
Ye glory in the nobler arts of truth,
And manlier passions fire your vig'rous youth;
High beat their breasts with thirst of nobler fame,
Warm with unsullied honour's vestal flame,
Virtue is theirs, the substance, not the show,
And theirs, fair Freedom! theirs thy genuine glow;
Courage, in battle, like the bolt of Jove,
In victory gentle as the shaft of love!
These are your bulwark; and, when these shall fall,
Britain shall crouch the abject slave of Gaul.

Have you forgotten Cressy's glorious field,
Where the black EDWARD rais'd th' unconquer'd shield;
Singly her whole embodied pow'r withstood,
And rush'd to glory through a sea of blood?
In vain three sov'reigns, brave in arms, display
The gorgeous ensigns of imperial sway;
Dreadful, as raging storm, or wasting fire,
The dauntless son of an undaunted sire
Impetuous thunders through the myriad band,
Strikes the bright sceptre from the palsied hand,
The lofty ostrich from Bohemia tears,
And bids it grace Britannia's princely heirs.
Does Poictier's day no rapt'rous thrill afford,
Where, with still loftier wing, his genius soar'd;
When Glory's self his conqu'ring legions led,
And with three crowns adorn'd his laurel'd head.
Sublimely borne, and blazing through the sky,
Before him see her banner'd pageants fly;
See at his feet her captive monarch bow,
And wail the jewels ravish'd from his brow!
An army with the pangs of famine torn,
With wasting flux, and lengthen'd vigils worn,
When Agincourt its iron front display'd,
With no base fears great HENRY's soul dismay'd.
Like raging lions bursting from their toils,
While Glory holds aloft the dazzling spoils,
From ardent valour snatching health's bright glow,
His furious bands rush headlong on the foe,
Beat down the tow'ring helm, the threat'ning lance,
And lay in dust th' aspiring pride of France.
As down th' historic page the wond'ring Muse,
Through rolling years, the brilliant theme pursues;
A thousand Agincourts in glory rise,
A thousand HENRYS stalk before my eyes,
A thousand EDWARDS, bursting from the shades,
Toss their proud plumes, and wave their gleaming blades.

Mr. Maurice next proceeds to detail the naval victories of Britain.

But, oh Britannia! what immortal strain
Shall paint thy triumphs on the boundless main;
Who sing the heroes that, from age to age,
Through ev'ry clime have bid thy thunder rage;
"From burning realms, where southern deeps resound,"
To where eternal frosts the pole surround!

After alluding to the immortal exploits, on the ocean, of HOWARD, DRAKE, and many other gallant admirals, of elder time, he presents

us with the fine picture that succeeds, in which the GUARDIAN ANGEL OF BRITAIN is represented as descending on the bay of Biscay, and rending the naval wreath for ever from her Gallic rival.

'Mid threatning rocks, and waves in mountains roll'd,
Great HAWKE contending with the storm behold,
Nor rocks, nor roaring surge, nor madd'ning wind,
From its firm centre shake his stedfast mind:
On fate's tremendous verge the line he forms,
To France more dreadful than a thousand storms!
In vain their broken line the Gauls oppose,
While, as the furious conflict fiercer glows,
The British cannon raging, tier o'er tier,
Flame on their van, and thunder on their rear.
Wild as the whirlwinds, that impetuous sweep
The raging surface of the troubled deep,
The Gallic vessels o'er the surge are toss'd,
Or swell the pomp of Britain's victor host!
'Twas then, while heav'n with angry tempests lower'd,
And victory on HAWKE's proud standard tower'd,
'Twas then from heaven, the brilliant deed to crown,
BRITANNIA'S ANGEL rush'd in light'ning down,
From France her naval wreath for ever tore,
And stamp'd to dust on Biscay's stormy shore!

We shall defer the conclusion of our remarks on this, and some other poems in the volume before us, till a future month; and we strongly recommend it to Mr. M. whose patriotism is of the most glowing nature, to publish this poem separately at the present important CRISIS, and we think it should be publicly read at the head of every regiment and armed association in the kingdom.

N. B. Since the above article was written, Mr. M. *has* republished THE CRISIS, with additions, which may now be had separately at Mr. *White's*.

The History of the Revolutions of Russia to the Accession of Catherine the First, including a concise Review of the Manners and Customs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Card, A. B. Pemb. Coll. Oxon. Longman and Rees. 1803.

THE immense power of Russia and its intimate connexion with the political system of Europe, render every information relative to that empire a subject of very considerable importance. With its exalted rank among nations almost every one is acquainted, but into its origin, early vicissitudes, and gradual progress to its present high fortune, few indeed among men of distinguished literary talents have thought it necessary to enquire; or, if they have, with the result of their labours the public has been unacquainted.

The present work is happily calculated to dispel the darkness in which the infancy of Russian greatness has been wrapt, while the author very judiciously avoids all details, either too minute for the province of history, or too fabulous and vague to be accredited. All the memorable transactions which have led to seven revolutions, from the latter end of the ninth century to the accession of Peter the Great, he recapitulates with a clearness and precision, both as to their causes and effects, which evince a rare depth of research, regulated by a sound judgment. But it is not to the bare narrative of facts, and their immediate consequences that his labours have been confined; he delineates in strong colours the characters of the principal actors in these rude scenes of turbulence and anarchy, and in a political as well as in a philosophical point of view, his reflections display a just knowledge of the human heart, and convey many instructive lessons.

From an attentive perusal of the volume before us, and a faithful comparison of its most prominent passages with the best sources of authority, we feel ourselves justified in saying, that Mr. Card has spared no pains, neglected no channel of information, which could qualify him for the arduous task he undertook to perform. We have not had, for many years, any history in which more useful erudition is introduced, almost uniformly illustrative of the grand questions under consideration; while the notes, which are uncommonly numerous, testify the extensive researches of the writer, and abound in matter no less curious than interesting. He has also been enabled, by judicious collation, and reference to authorities before little known, to detect the errors of preceding writers, and to expose some remarkable mistakes. But above all, the author is entitled to peculiar praise, for the manner in which he slightly notices, or skilfully compresses, circumstances that might be thought too minute and trivial for the dignity of history, and directs the attention to those important events, whether resulting from design, passion, or accident, which decide the fate of nations. He wisely consigns to oblivion all wild and flimsy traditions, and abstains from those frivolous inquiries, that gratify while they perplex the mind of the fanciful and credulous. To all such persons, who, with Nero, may be desirous of knowing,—"Quæ mater Hecubæ, quod Achillis nomen inter virgines fuisset, quid Sirenes cantare solitæ?" we can say they will be lamentably disappointed in their perusal of the Revolutions of Russia. The truth of the events he relates is generally established, not on single, but concurrent testimonies, and he re-

gulates his assent or dissent by the best rules of evidence, with respect to what is authentic or what is probable.

Mr. Card commences his history with the introduction of the Varagians into the republic of the Novgorodians, about the year 862, which led to the foundation of monarchy, by their leader Ruric.

Respecting the final establishment of Christianity in Russia, by Vladimir, in 988, we are furnished with many curious circumstances; and this era is the more worthy of notice, as it may be truly considered the beginning of Russian civilization. The means to which Vladimir had recourse, for his own conversion, and that of his people, to christianity, were not a little extraordinary, as they were altogether contrary to the new faith of which he professed himself the suitor and champion. He disdained to solicit from the Greeks the assistance of the ministers of religion, whom he wished to have in his dominions for the instruction of the inhabitants, and resolved to carry them off by force of arms. Having, with this design, laid siege to the city of Cherson, at the head of a very numerous army, he made himself master of it, and transported into Russia all the abbots, priests, images, relics, holy books, and sacred vessels, as the reward of his pious zeal, and the certain pledges of his own and his people's salvation. Notwithstanding this singular proof of attachment to Christianity, which was manifested by the slaughter of its votaries, and the captivity of its ministers, Vladimir derived from its doctrines the greatest benefits. We learn that, for a considerable time before his death, ferocity and revenge were banished from his heart, and replaced by the mild precepts of Christian charity. Even at this early period, such was the terror inspired by the Russian name, that Vladimir compelled, by his threat of marching against Constantinople, the reigning emperors, Bazil and Constantine, to give him their sister, the Princess Anne, in marriage.

The character of this barbarian is drawn with great energy by the author.

"His virtues and vices, his reason and his passions, did not mix themselves by a nice gradation of tints, but exhibited a foul and sudden dissimilitude.—There the blackest, there the most shining colours; and both represented more striking by their nearness. Subtle, rapacious, and unfeeling, yet open, liberal, and compassionate. At the same time that he so shamefully bedewed his hands in the blood of Rognolode and his children, his rude generosity would prompt him to feast his indigent subjects under a tent, and to appoint carriages for the purpose of conveying relief to those whom sickness confined to their houses. In action, he was adventurous and indefatigable; in counsel timid and

lethargic. By his valour and address he first taught his soldiers to act, his enemies to fear. He colonized desarts, he depopulated towns. With a laudable emulation he introduced the rudiments of art and science into his country, by the institution of schools; with a splendid munificence, he rewarded those Greeks who decorated his cities and enlightened their inhabitants; but in recompensing these foreigners, he impoverished his subjects. To the clergy his indulgence was unbounded, to the people his severity inflexible.

"The same man who could, with such criminal apathy, command the death and survey the mangled form of his brother, hesitated, for a considerable time after his conversion to christianity, to punish some robbers, who infested his most fertile and populous provinces: and when censured for this false humanity by his clergy, he meekly replied; 'What am I, that I should condemn my fellow creatures to death.' Upon the whole, had fortune thrown him into a more polished age, his vices might have been softened by the plastic hand of education, his virtues might have challenged our regard and admiration."

We shall, in our next number, conclude our review of this interesting work.

The Stranger in France: or, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Illustrated by Engravings, in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq. London, 4to. 1l. 1s. 0d. Large Paper 1l. 11s. 6d. Johnson, 1803.

Mr. Carr was fortunate enough to be among the number of those who, during the late short interval of peace, had an opportunity of mixing with the French people on their own soil, under circumstances peculiarly interesting to a traveller; after a series of revolutions, that has left scarcely any trace of the former national character, and at a moment so extremely critical, that a very few years, probably a few months, may effect a change in the present system, no less abrupt and surprising! The communication between the two countries being again closed, the reports of those who were on the spot, and who have delineated scenes and manners thus interesting, and thus fugitive, will doubtless excite the attention of the public in a very uncommon degree. The work before us, though not the first in order of time which has issued from the press, possesses so many superior attractions of style and graphic embellishment, with so much valuable information, blended with such a variety of facts and anecdotes, that it justly claims from us the most distinguished notice; and we are persuaded that, with the powerful recommendations he has brought with him, the *Stranger in Paris* will not long be a *stranger in England*. He certainly cannot require a better introduction than Mr. Hayley's, by whose advice, we are informed, what was at first intended only for private perusal, is now offered to the public eye.

Mr. Carr set sail from Southampton, with his friend Capt. W.

Cary, of *Torr Abbey*, at the time when a great number of French emigrants were about to embark for France, to take the benefit of the mild decree which had been passed in their favour.—"The scene," observes Mr. Carr, "was truly interesting, and the sentiment which it excited delightful to the heart." The following anecdote will afford, we think, a pretty just notion of the feelings of the majority of these unfortunate wanderers, upon this solemn occasion.

"A respectable curé, who dined in the same room with us at our inn, was observed to eat very little; upon being pressed to enlarge his meal, this amiable man said, with tears starting in his eyes, 'Alas! I have no appetite; a very short time will bring me amongst the scenes of my nativity, my youth, and my happiness, from which a remorseless revolution has parted me for these ten long years; I shall ask for those who are dear to me, and find them for ever gone. Those who are left will fill my mind with the most afflicting descriptions; no, no, I cannot eat, my good sir.'

"About noon, they had deposited their baggage upon the quay, which formed a pile of ancient portmanteaus, and battered trunks. Parties remained to protect them, previous to their embarkation. The sun was intensely hot; they were seated under the shade of old umbrellas, which looked as if they had been the companions of their banishment.

"Their countenances appeared strongly marked with the pious character of resignation, over which were to be seen a sweetness and corrected animation, which seemed to depict at once the soul's delight, of returning to its native home, planted wherever it may be, and the regret of leaving a nation, which, in the hour of flight and misery, had nobly enrolled them in the list of her own children, and had covered them with protection."

The author was also witness to a very affecting scene in the cabin of the vessel :—a poor priest, at the age of ninety-five, in a dying state, was supported by two other clergymen and some women, who, in their attentions to the sick man, seemed to have forgotten their own comfortless situation, arising from a great number of persons being crowded in so small a space. The venerable object of these assiduities had been a clergyman of great repute and esteem at *Havre*, who, though scarcely expected to survive the short voyage, was anxious to breathe his last in his own country. We think a skilful artist could not wish for a more interesting subject for his pencil.

Mr. Carr arrived in safety at Havre; and there, for the present, we shall leave him. We have merely *announced* the '*Stranger*' in this number; it is our intention to follow him through the whole of his tour to Paris, accompany him in many of his visitations in that city, and land with him safely on

———"That pale, that white-fac'd shore
"Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

"And coops from other lands her islanders,
"That water-walled bulwark, still secure
"And confident from foreign purposes."

We hope Mr. Carr will pardon us if, as we mean to consult the reader's gratification, our extracts should prove neither short nor few.

[To be continued.]

The Pleader's Guide, a Didactic Poem, in two Parts, containing the Conduct of a Suit at Law, with the Arguments of Counsellor Bother'um and Counsellor Bore'um, in an Action betwixt John-a-Gull and John-a-Gudgeon, for Assault and Battery, at a late contested Election. By the late J. J. S. Esq. Special Pleader and Barrister at Law. 12mo. *Cadell and Davies.* 1803.

The public, we understand, are indebted for this production to the pen of Mr. Anstie;* and although our readers would not naturally turn to a "Pleader's Guide" for *amusement*, we can promise them an ample share, if, not being frightened at its title, they will venture to peruse it.

The poem is divided into a course of lectures, supposed to have been written by a special pleader, for the use of his kinsman and pupil. Their plan, Mr. Surrebutter (the lecturer) thus proposes.

"Of legal fictions, quirks, and crosses,
Attorneys' gains and clients' losses;
Of suits created, lost, and won;
How to undo and be undone—
Whether by common law or civil
A man goes sooner to the devil;
Things which few mortals can disclose
In verse, or comprehend in prose,
I sing—"

Could every treatise on the subject be sung in a style as amusing, the study of the law, we confess, would be rendered *rather* more agreeable.†

Proceedings at a general Meeting of the Loyal North Britons, held at the Crown and Anchor, August 8, 1803; *containing a correct Copy of the celebrated Speech of James Mackintosh, Esq. the Stanzas spoken on the same Occasion, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. And the Substance of the Speeches of the Right Hon. Lord Reay and J. W. Adam, Esq. on being elected Officers of the Corps.* 1s. 6d. *Longman and Rees.* 1803.

The eloquent and patriotic speech of Mr. Mackintosh deserved a better fate than a mere newspaper report is calculated to afford:

* Son to the venerable author of the New Bath Guide.

† Part the first was noticed in our Review for July, 1796. Vol. II. p. 154.

we feel obliged, therefore, to Mr. Orme, for giving it more permanent publicity. We were present at the delivery of this finely impassioned harangue. The following passage struck us with considerable awe.

"Countrymen, I feel that I am authorised by your hearts to make this solemn pledge. I swear by the immortal spirits of Bruce and Wallace; by the glorious memory of every hero who has fallen for Britain; by the God of Justice and Liberty himself, whose holy name I do not profane when I employ it on so sacred an occasion, that we, my countrymen, will rather seek freedom in the grave, than endure a degraded existence, with the hideous spectacle before our eyes of a foreign tyranny erected in this ancient and chosen abode of liberty."

The verses by Mr. Campbell are, as the ingenious editor states them, *beautiful*; but they want spirit and fire. This well-printed pamphlet contains a variety of loyal poems and speeches worthy to be preserved.

The Pic Nic, in two Volumes. 12mo. 12s. Vernor and Hood, 1803.

These volumes contain fourteen numbers, which are all that were published of a weekly paper entitled "The Pic Nic." We are amongst those who regret the discontinuance of this agreeable publication; it abounds with great variety, and many exquisite specimens of wit and humour, as well as of excellent writing, both in prose and verse. We would gladly select the "Invisible Girl," a delicate poem by Moore, the translator of Anacreon, had we room. We cannot, however, forbear inserting the following characteristic epigram, by "*Old Nick.*"

THE BARRISTER.

Homunculus. Cicero.
A little man! Reynolds's Delays and Blunders.

A counsel once, of pigmy size,
To make a motion did arise;
But Kenyon's* sight his sense defeated,
And thinking still the dwarf was seated,
"'Tis common, Sir, with all," said he,
"To stand when they're addressing me."
Dumb was the counsel, and offended,
When thus a wag† his cause defended:
"Justice, my Lord, from you my friend expects,
"You know, De Minimis *non curat lex!*"

Atala. From the French of M. de Chateaubriant. With explanatory Notes. 8vo. 5s. Robinsons. 1801.

This very improbable romance abounds with wild descriptions and fanciful ideas. In France it is extremely popular. We much

* This epigram is founded in fact.

† Mr. Jekyl.

question, however, notwithstanding the explanatory notes, so necessary to its elucidation, whether it will arrive at a second edition in England.

Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Pelham, on the State of Mendicity in the Metropolis. By Mathew Martin, Esq. 1s. 6d. *Hatchard.* 1803.

The author deserves the thanks of the poor for his labours, though we doubt much whether they will be productive of any permanent advantage.

The Anti-Gallican, or Standard of British Loyalty, Religion, and Liberty; including a Collection of the principal Papers, Tracts, Declarations, Speeches, Poems, and Songs, that have been published on the threatened Invasion: together with many original Pieces on the same Subject. The whole being intended to excite the Martial Ardour of the People, to unmask the perfidious Designs of Bonaparte against this Country, and to expose his malignant, treacherous, and cruel Conduct, to the various Nations that have fallen beneath his tyrannical Yoke. Vernor and Hood. 1803.

This is a most salutary publication, calculated to perpetuate those splendid compositions which the threatened invasion of these our coasts hath inspired. This interesting work is intended to be published weekly, at three-pence per number.

The Loyalist, &c. No. 1, Vol. I. Price 3d. Hatchard, 1803.

Similar in construction to the last article, and calculated to do equal benefit, at the present awful crisis.

The Evidence of Relation between our present Existence and future State; with References to Dr. Paley's Natural Theology. 8vo. pp. 24. Kerby. 1803.

This small pamphlet is the production of Mr. Young, of North Audley Street. The author, after passing a just compliment on Archdeacon Paley, for his admirable volume entitled 'Natural Theology,' regrets that he has left the mind unsatisfied, and indeed uninformed, with regard to one of great moment, viz. the relation between our present life and that state which is to succeed it. This omission Mr. Young has endeavoured to supply. He states his remarks, in a modest advertisement, to be the reflection of an evening, and as such he submits them to the public. The work of Dr. Paley not having fallen under our notice as reviewers, we cannot with propriety compare the present performance with that elabo-

rate production. The author appears perfectly to understand his subject, and his observations are extremely ingenious.

Elegantiæ Latinæ; or Rules and Exercises illustrative of elegant Latin Style; intended for the Use of the higher Classes of Grammar Schools. 3s. 6d. 12mo. Pridden.

THE public are indebted to the classical taste of Dr. Valpy of *Reading* for these very excellent rules, which are calculated, in a most especial manner, to assist the scholar in his endeavours to acquire a pure and elegant Latinity. They are the compilation of his brother, the Rev. Edward Valpy.

Rhyme and Reason; short and original Poems. 3s. 6d. Large 8vo. Black and Parry.

WE have found plenty both of *rhyme* and *reason* in this collection of poems, and we may add no inconsiderable portion of wit and humour. It is the production of a gentleman of Oxford.

DRAMATIC.

Didon Abandonnée, de L'Italien del Signor Abbate Pietro Metastasio. 2s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

WE have no sort of objection that the unhappy expatriated females of France should avail themselves of the advantages of education, and, to dispel the impending gloom, enter the fields of literature for *their* amusement, as seems to be the case in the instance before us. The French is correct enough, but the drama itself is uninteresting.

The Marriage Promise: a Comedy in five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane. By John Till Allingham. 2s. 6d. Ridgway, 1803.

THIS very clever comedy shared our unqualified favourable report on its representation at the theatre. In the closet it hath much good writing and moral excellence to recommend it to the reader of plays.

Bonaparte; or the Freebooter. A Drama, in three Acts. By John Scott Ripon, Esq. Highly. 1803.

THIS drama is well suited to the times, and merits to be read. The Corsican hero unfolds his own ambitious character, and foretels his miserable and ignominious fall, with which the play terminates.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.
The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. III.

*ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.**

DRAMATIC poetry has, among all civilized nations, been considered as a rational and useful entertainment, and judged worthy of careful and serious discussion. According as it is employed upon the light and the gay, or upon the grave and affecting incidents of human life, it divides itself into the two forms of comedy or tragedy. But as great and serious objects command more attention than little and ludicrous ones; as the fall of a hero interests the public more than the marriage of a private person; tragedy has always been held a more dignified entertainment than comedy. The one rests upon the high passions, the virtues, crimes, and sufferings of mankind; the other on their humours, follies, and pleasures. Terror and pity are the great instruments of the former; ridicule is the sole instrument of the latter. Tragedy shall therefore be the object of our fullest discussion. This and the following lecture shall be employed on it; after which I shall treat of what is peculiar to comedy.

Tragedy, considered as an exhibition of the characters and behaviour of men in some of the most trying and critical situations of life, is a noble idea of poetry. It is a direct imitation of human manners and actions. For it does not, like the epic poem, exhibit characters by the narration and description of the poet; but the poet disappears; and the personages themselves are set before us, acting and speaking what is suitable to their characters. Hence, no kind of writing is so great a trial of the author's profound knowledge of the human heart. No kind of writing has so much power, when happily executed, to raise the strongest emotions. It is, or ought to be, a mirror in which we behold ourselves, and the evils to which we are exposed; a faithful copy of the human passions, with all their direful effects, when they are suffered to become extravagant.

* Lecture 45.

As tragedy is a high and distinguished species of composition, so also, in its general strain and spirit, it is favourable to virtue. Such power hath virtue happily over the human mind, by the wise and gracious constitution of our nature, that as admiration cannot be raised in epic poetry, so neither in tragic poetry can our passions be strongly moved, unless virtuous emotions be awakened within us. Every poet finds, that it is impossible to interest us in any character, without representing that character as worthy and honourable, though it may not be perfect; and that the great secret for raising indignation, is to paint the person who is to be the object of it, in the colours of vice and depravity. He may, indeed, nay he must, represent the virtuous as sometimes unfortunate, because this is often the case in real life; but he will always study to engage our hearts in their behalf; and though they may be described as unprosperous, yet there is no instance of a tragic poet representing vice as fully triumphant and happy, in the catastrophe of the piece. Even when bad men succeed in their designs, punishment is made always to attend them; and misery, of one kind or other, is shewn to be unavoidably connected with guilt. Love and admiration of virtuous characters, compassion for the injured and the distressed, and indignation against the authors of their sufferings, are the sentiments most generally excited on tragedy. And therefore, though dramatic writers may sometimes, like other writers, be guilty of improprieties, though they may fail of placing virtue precisely in the due point of light, yet no reasonable person can deny tragedy to be a moral species of composition. Taking tragedies complexly, I am fully persuaded that the impressions left by them upon the mind, are, on the whole, favourable to virtue and good dispositions. And, therefore, the zeal which some pious men have shewn against the entertainments of the theatre, must rest only upon the abuse of comedy, which, indeed, has frequently been so great as to justify very severe censures against it.

The account which Aristotle gives of the design of tragedy is, that it is intended to purge our passions by means of pity and terror. This is somewhat obscure. Various senses have been put upon his words, and much altercation has followed among his commentators. Without entering into any controversy upon this head, the intention of tragedy may, I think, be more shortly and clearly defined to improve our virtuous sensibility. If an author interests us in behalf of virtue, forms us to compassion for the distressed, inspires us with proper sentiments, on beholding the vicissitudes of life, and, by means of the concern which he raises for the misfor-

tunes of others, leads us to guard against errors in our own conduct, he accomplishes all the moral purposes of tragedy.

In order to this end, the first requisite is, that he choose some moving and interesting story, and that he conduct it in a natural and probable manner. For we must observe, that the natural and the probable must always be the basis of tragedy; and are infinitely more important there, than in epic poetry. The object of the epic poet is to excite our admiration by the recital of heroic adventures; and a much slighter degree of probability is required when admiration is concerned, than when the tender passions are intended to be moved. The imagination, in the former case, is exalted, accommodates itself to the poet's idea, and can admit the marvellous, without being shocked. But tragedy demands a stricter imitation of the life and actions of men. For the end which it pursues is, not so much to elevate the imagination, as to affect the heart; and the heart always judges more nicely than the imagination, of what is probable. Passion can be raised, only by making the impressions of nature, and of truth, upon the mind. By introducing, therefore, any wild or romantic circumstances into his story, the poet never fails to check passion in its growth, and, of course, disappoints the main effect of tragedy.

This principle, which is founded on the clearest reason, excludes from tragedy all machinery, or fabulous intervention of the gods. Ghosts have, indeed, maintained their place; as being strongly founded on popular belief, and peculiarly suited to heighten the terror of tragic scenes. But all unravellings of the plot, which turn upon the interposition of deities, such as Euripides employs in several of his plays, are much to be condemned; both as clumsy and inartificial, and as destroying the probability of the story. This mixture of machinery with the tragic action, is undoubtedly a blemish in the ancient theatre.

In order to promote that impression of probability which is so necessary to the success of tragedy, some critics have required, that the subject should never be a pure fiction invented by the poet, but built on real history, or known facts. Such, indeed, were generally, if not always, the subjects of the Greek tragedians. But I cannot hold this to be a matter of any great consequence. It is proved, by experience, that a fictious tale, if properly conducted, will melt the heart as much as any real history. In order to our being moved, it is not necessary, that the events related did actually happen, provided they be such as might easily have happened in the ordinary course of nature. Even when tragedy borrows its mate-

rials from history, it mixes many a fictitious circumstance. The greatest part of readers neither know, nor enquire, what is fabulous, or what is historical, in the subject. They attend only to what is probable, and are touched by events which resemble nature. Accordingly, some of the most pathetic tragedies are entirely fictitious in the subject; such as Voltaire's Zaire and Alzire, the Orphan, Douglas, the Fair Penitent, and several others.

Whether the subject be of the real or feigned kind, that on which most depends for rendering the incidents in a tragedy probable, and by means of their probability affecting, is the conduct or management of the story, and the connexion of its several parts. To regulate this conduct, critics have laid down the famous rule of the three unities; the importance of which, it will be necessary to discuss. But, in order to do this with more advantage, it will be necessary, that we first look backwards, and trace the rise and origin of tragedy, which will give light to several things relating to the subject.

Tragedy, like other arts, was, in its beginnings, rude and imperfect. Among the Greeks, from whom our dramatic entertainments are derived, the origin of tragedy was no other than the song which was wont to be sung at the festival of Bacchus. A goat was the sacrifice offered to that God; after the sacrifice, the priests, with the company that joined them, sung hymns in honour of Bacchus; and, from the name of the victim, *τραγος* a goat, joined with *ὠδη* a song, undoubtedly arose the word tragedy.

These hymns, or lyric poems, were sung sometimes by the whole company, sometimes by separate bands, answering alternately to each other; making what we call a chorus, with its strophes and antistrophes. In order to throw some variety into this entertainment, and to relieve the singers, it was thought proper to introduce a person, who, between the songs, should make a recitation in verse. Thespis, who lived about five hundred and thirty-six years before the christian æra, made this innovation; and, as it was relished, Æschylus, who came fifty years after him, and who is properly the father of tragedy, went a step farther, introduced a dialogue between two persons, or actors, in which he contrived to interweave some interesting story, and brought his actors on a stage, adorned with proper scenery and decorations. All that these actors recited, was called episode, or additional song; and the songs of the chorus were made to relate no longer to Bacchus, their original subject, but to the story in which the actors were concerned. This began to give the drama a regular form, which was soon

after brought to perfection by Sophocles and Euripides. It is remarkable, in how short a space of time tragedy grew up among the Greeks, from the rudest beginnings, to its most perfect state. For Sophocles, the greatest and most correct of all the tragic poets, flourished only twenty-two years after Æschylus, and was little more than seventy years posterior to Thespis.

From the account which I have now given, it appears, that the chorus was the basis or foundation of the ancient tragedy. It was not an ornament added to it; or a contrivance designed to render it more perfect; but, in truth, the dramatic dialogue was an addition to the chorus, which was the original entertainment. In process of time, the chorus, from being the principal, became only the accessory in tragedy; till at last, in modern tragedy, it has disappeared altogether; which forms the chief distinction between the ancient and the modern stage.

This has given rise to a question, much agitated between the partizans of the ancients and the moderns, whether the drama has gained, or has suffered, by the abolition of the chorus. It must be admitted, that the chorus tended to render tragedy both more magnificent, and more instructive and moral. It was always the most sublime and poetical part of the work; and being carried on by singing, and accompanied with music, it must, no doubt, have diversified the entertainment greatly, and added to its splendor. The chorus, at the same time, conveyed constant lessons of virtue. It was composed of such persons as might most naturally be supposed present on the occasion; inhabitants of the place where the scene was laid, often the companions of some of the principal actors, and therefore, in some degree, interested in the issue of the action. This company, which, in the days of Sophocles, was restricted to the number of fifteen persons, was constantly on the stage, during the whole performance, mingled in discourse with the actors, entered into their concerns, suggested counsel and advice to them, moralised on all the incidents that were going on, and, during the intervals of the action, sung their odes or songs, in which they addressed the gods, prayed for success to the virtuous, lamented their misfortunes, and delivered many religious and moral sentiments*.

* The office of the chorus is thus described by Horace:

> Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
> Defendat; neu quid medios intercinat actus,
> Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat apte.
> Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amicis,
> Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes:

But, notwithstanding the advantages which were obtained by means of the chorus, the inconveniencies on the other side are so great, as to render the modern practice of excluding the chorus, far more eligible upon the whole. For if a natural and probable imitation of human actions be the chief end of the drama; no other persons ought to be brought on the stage, than those who are necessary to the dramatic action. The introduction of an adventitious company of persons, who have but a slight concern in the business of the play, is unnatural in itself, embarrassing to the poet, and, though it may render the spectacle splendid, tends, undoubtedly, to render it more cold and uninteresting, because more unlike a real transaction. The mixture of music, or song, on the part of the chorus, with the dialogue carried on by the actors, is another unnatural circumstance, removing the representation still farther from the resemblance of life. The poet, besides, is subjected to innumerable difficulties in so contriving his plan, that the presence of the chorus, during all the incidents of the play, shall consist with any probability. The scene must be constantly, and often absurdly laid in some public place, that the chorus may be supposed to have free access to it. To many things that ought to be transacted in private, the chorus must ever be witnesses; they must be the confederates of both parties, who come successively upon the stage, and who are, perhaps, conspiring against each other. In short, the management of a chorus is an unnatural confinement to a poet; it requires too great a sacrifice of probability in the conduct of the action; it has too much the air of a theatrical decoration, to be consistent with that appearance of reality which a poet must ever

Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis; ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis.
Ille tegat commissa; deosque precetur, et oret
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

De Art. Poet. 193.

The chorus must support an actor's part,
Defend the virtuous, and advise with art,
Govern the choleric, and the proud appease,
And the short feasts of frugal tables praise;
Applaud the justice of well-govern'd states,
And peace triumphant with her open gates.
Intrusted secrets let them ne'er betray,
But to the righteous Gods with ardour pray.
That fortune, with returning smiles, may bless
Afflicted worth, and impious pride depress;
Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,
Promote the plot, and aid the just design.

Francis.

preserve, in order to move our passions. The origin of tragedy, among the Greeks, we have seen, was a choral song, or hymn to the Gods. There is no wonder, therefore, that on the Greek stage it so long maintained possession. But it may confidently, I think, be asserted, that if, instead of the dramatic dialogue having been superadded to the chorus, the dialogue itself had been the first invention, the chorus would, in that case, never have been thought of.

One use, I am of opinion, might still be made of the ancient chorus, and would be a considerable improvement of the modern theatre; if, instead of that unmeaning, and often improperly chosen music, with which the audience is entertained in the intervals between the acts, a chorus were then to be introduced, whose music and songs, though forming no part of the play, should have a relation to the incidents of the preceding act, and to the dispositions which those incidents are presumed to have awakened in the spectators. By this means, the tone of passion would be kept up without interruption; and all the good effects of the ancient chorus might be preserved, for inspiring proper sentiments, and for increasing the morality of the performance, without those inconveniences which arose from the chorus forming a constituent part of the play, and mingling unseasonably, and unnaturally, with the personages of the drama.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNTS OF

LITERARY PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

JOHN HOOLE, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who died near Dorking in Surry, was the son of Samuel Hoole, of the city of London, watch-maker, by Sarah his wife, the daughter of James Drury, a clock-maker, whose family came from Warwickshire.* Mr. Hoole, the father, was born about

* Mr. Hoole told him [Dr. Johnson] he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub-street. "Sir (said Johnson, smiling) you have been *regularly* educated." Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, "My uncle, Sir, who was a taylor;" Johnson, recollecting himself, said, "Sir, I knew him; we called him the *metaphysical taylor*. He was of a club in Old-street, with me and George Psalmanazar and some others: but pray, Sir, was he a good taylor?" Mr. Hoole having answered "that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shop-board, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat."---"I am sorry for it (said Johnson) for I would have every man to be master of his own business."

In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authors, he often said, "Let you and I, Sir, go together, and eat a beef steak in Grub-street."

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

the year 1693, at Sheffield in Yorkshire, which place he left at the age of nine years, and came to an uncle in London, by whom he was educated. At an early period of life, this gentleman displayed a strong propensity to the study of mechanics, and for many years had the management of the machinery at Covent-Garden theatre, in the time of the late Mr. Rich; and, among many other pieces of mechanism, constructed the celebrated serpent in *Orpheus and Eurydice*,* exhibited the first time on the 12th of Feb. 1739—40.

Our author, John Hoole, was born in December 1727, and was educated at a private boarding-school in Hertfordshire, kept by Mr. James Bennett, the publisher of Roger Ascham's works. In 1744, being then seventeen years of age, he was placed as a clerk in the East India House; and having a great delight in reading, particularly works of imagination, he employed his leisure-hours in his favourite amusement, and, at the same time, endeavoured to improve himself in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and of the Italian; which last he earnestly wished to acquire, that he might peruse in the original his favourite author Ariosto, of whom, when a boy, he became enamoured, from reading the Orlando Furioso in Sir John Harington's old translation.

In 1757 he was married to Susannah Smith, of Bishop Stortford in Hertfordshire, and, in January 1758, he suddenly lost his father, who died on the 12th of that month, leaving behind him a striking example of noble-minded integrity in his intercourse with mankind, and of indefatigable industry in the application of his talents for the maintenance of a numerous family. In this year Mr. Hoole undertook the translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, laying aside his design of translating Ariosto, of which he had already finished some of the first books. About this time he was introduced to the knowledge of Dr. Hawkesworth, by whom he was encouraged in his intended work. Through this gentleman he became acquainted, in 1761, with the late Dr. Samuel Johnson; which acquaintance grew to a friendship that only terminated with the lamented death of that excellent man, whose loss he regretted as that of a second father.

On the death of Mrs. Woffington, which happened in March

* The fate of this pantomime affords a remarkable instance of public caprice. On its original appearance, it drew the town to see it during the greater part of the season. It was revived in 1747 and in 1755, when it was repeated thirty-one times; and again in 1768. At each revival it was greatly applauded. In October 1787 it was produced again by a royal command, as supposed, when, to the astonishment of all the old frequenters of the theatre, it was damned. Mr. Hoole, we are informed, also made the Peacock, which was not produced until after his death in 1781, in the Choice of Harlequin.

1760, Mr. Hoole published a monody, which has been since printed in Pearch's Collection of Poems, and in Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*. In 1763 he printed his translation of the "Jerusalem," which procured him the acquaintance of Mr. Glover, author of Leonidas. This was his first avowed publication,* having before only printed two or three little poetical essays, which, with the monody, were without any name. In the year 1764 Dr. Johnson introduced him to Dr. Warton, of Winchester. In 1767 he published two volumes of the dramas of Metastasio, a copy of which book he transmitted to the author at Vienna, and was in return honoured with a very elegant letter from Metastasio. In the same year he wrote the tragedy of *Cyrus*, professedly taken from the *Ciro Reconosciuto* of that celebrated Italian; which tragedy he first communicated to Mrs. Anna Williams, the well known friend of Dr. Johnson, a lady of uncommon talents, to whose benevolent and friendly disposition all that knew her were indebted. Encouraged by her, he read his play to Dr. Johnson, who told him "he might send his play to the stage." The tragedy was accordingly accepted by Mr. Colman, and exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre, in December, 1768, with great success, being strongly supported by the talents of Powell, in the zenith of his fame, of Smith when he was a great favourite with the public, and of Mrs. Yates when she was in the maturity of beauty and theatrical repute; they played the parts of Cyrus, Cambyses, and Mandane, the last of which characters was particularly adapted to the tragic powers of Mrs. Yates. The merit of Mrs. Yates was so very great in Mandane, that it was very common to hear people say, instead of "we are going to see Cyrus," "we are going to see Mrs. Yates."

In 1770 Mr. Hoole produced another tragedy, called *Timanthes*, taken from the *Demofoonte* of Metastasio, which was likewise successful, though the author sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Powell, which happened in 1769, the part of Timanthes having been expressly written for him. In 1773 Mr. Hoole published a volume containing the first ten books of *Orlando Furioso*, intending to have proceeded with the entire translation; but being at this time established in an office of consequence as Auditor of Indian accounts to the East India Company, his poetical studies were discontinued; the great business arising from the parliamentary enquiries into the company's affairs calling for all his exertions in preparing accounts and estimates for the House of Commons, during which enquiry he was examined at the bar of both houses.

In 1775 he found leisure to produce an original tragedy, called

* Dr. Johnson wrote the dedication, which is to the Queen.

Cleonice, Princess of Bithynia; but the introduction of this piece to the stage was attended with many difficulties; objections were made to it, and the matter was finally referred to Dr. Johnson, who having perused the play, gave an opinion in its favour.* The play was then put in rehearsal, but Mrs. Barry (afterwards Crawford) refusing to perform the part of Cleonice, it was given to Mrs. Hartley. Mr. Barry rejecting the part of Lycomedes, intended for him, took a subordinate character, and even that he relinquished on the second night. The play thus left to itself, without either of these popular actors, languished out the nine nights, and from that time Mr. Hoole bade adieu to the stage. He conducted himself very liberally with regard to this play, by returning a considerable part of the money which he had received for the copy-right, alledging, that as the piece was not successful on the stage, it could not be very profitable to the bookseller, and ought not to be a loss.

In the year 1777 he again turned his thoughts to the completion of his version of Orlando, to which he had been formerly urged by many friends, particularly by the late Mr. Glover, a great admirer of the works of imagination, and by Dr. Hawkesworth, who lived only to see the first two books of Orlando in manuscript, with which he professed himself to be more struck than with the more classical performance of Tasso. Dr. Hawkesworth died in 1773. In 1783 Mr. Hoole published his complete translation of the *Orlando Furioso,* in five volumes; and at the end of the year 1784 he lost his great and respected friend Dr. Johnson, who died in the month of December, from whom, during an intimacy of twenty-three years, he had experienced every mark of kindness and affection. He constantly attended the doctor during the last three weeks of his life, and daily contemplated, with feelings not easy to be expressed, his nearer approaches to dissolution.

In the year 1785 Mr. Hoole became the biographer of his friend Mr. Scott, of Amwell, a work intended to have been executed by

* Dr. Johnson wrote the following very complimentary letter to Mr. Hoole on returning the MS.

Dear Sir,

I have returned your play, which you will find underscored with red, where there was a word which I did not like. The red will be washed off with a little water.

The plot is so well framed, the intricacy so artful, and the disentanglement so easy, the suspense so affecting, and the passionate parts so properly interposed, that I have no doubt of its success.

I am, Sir,

Dec. 19, 1774. Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson; and at the end of that year he resigned his employment in the East India House, after a service of near forty-two years; and in April 1786 he retired, with his wife and son, to the parsonage-house of Abingor, near Dorking; his son, who was in orders, having taken the curacy of that place. While he resided there, he considered the objections that some readers had made to the length and perplexity of Ariosto's poem, and employed his leisure in reviewing the work, retrenching some parts, and giving the whole more connection; and in 1791 he published this new edition or *refaccimento* of Ariosto, under the title of *The Orlando of Ariosto, reduced to XXIV. Books, the Narrative connected, and the Stories disposed in a regular series.* In the year 1790 he was the editor of a little elegant tale entitled *Dinarbas*, being a continuation of Dr. Johnson's Rasselas. This performance came from the pen of a lady of very uncommon genius and acquirements, who then resided with her mother in Italy. She was well known to Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams, and the MS. was sent over to Mr. Hoole, in order to be put to the press. The last work which Mr. Hoole gave to the world, was a translation of the juvenile poem of Tasso, entitled *Rinaldo*, which must be considered as a literary curiosity, being, independent of the poetical merit of the original, an extraordinary specimen of early genius. The Rev. Samuel Hoole, the son of Mr. Hoole, has likewise given to the world some productions of his pen; as one volume of sermons, published in 1786; and two volumes of poetical pieces, published at different times, containing, "Modern Manners," "Aurelia," "Edward, or the Curate," and other poems. This gentleman read the church service to Dr. Johnson in his last illness.

WILLIAM WOODFALL, ESQ.

We feel much concern in stating that this respectable veteran of public literature died on Monday morning, Aug. 1, in his fifty-eighth year, at his house in Queen-Street, Westminster. He was a very worthy man, and a truly loyal subject. His sense of public duty, indeed, in all points, was a paramount consideration in his mind. He was early placed by his father under Mr. Baldwin, of Paternoster-Row, to learn the art of printing, from whose house he went back to his father's office, and assisted in the printing and editing of the *Public Advertiser*. He became so warm an amateur

of the drama, that, to gratify his *penchant* for the stage, he made an excursion into Scotland, and performed several times, for his amusement, in the company of Mr. Fisher. He was used to relate many pleasant anecdotes of this jaunt, the most fortunate event of which, however, because it constituted the future happiness of his life, was his marriage with a most amiable woman, with whom he returned to the metropolis about 1772, and engaged himself as editor of the *London Packet*. He was also the chief founder of the *Morning Chronicle*, which he conducted with great zeal and assiduity till 1789, when he commenced a paper called the *Diary*, on his own account. To his efforts the people of this country are in a great degree indebted for that open communication of parliamentary proceedings which has at length obtained the sanction of the legislature, except in points on which the situation of national affairs may require a discussion confined to the representative body.

Mr. Woodfall's powers of recollection, in recording the debates, were very extraordinary; for he was able to do more, by the unassisted efforts of his memory, than other reporters of acknowledged talents could effect with the aid of short-hand notes.

He was always attached to the stage, and was a sound judge of dramatic composition, and theatrical ability. He always gave a firm support to the proper authority of the managers of our theatres; but when any performers thought themselves aggrieved, he was at all times ready to assist them with his counsel, or to support them with his talents, if they had right on their side. Indeed, his good-natured zeal, in this respect, has often induced him to put aside matters of importance to himself and his family. A more steady and persevering friend never existed, and there never was a more affectionate husband and father. There were as few errors in his character as are to be found in most men, with more virtues than the generality possess. He abounded in anecdote, and was well acquainted with most public characters who have made any figure in this country for the last forty years. Few men will drop into the grave more beloved by their familes, and more regretted by their friends.

Mr. Woodfall adapted Savage's *Sir Thomas Overbury* to the stage. It was acted at Covent Garden in the year 1776.

Mr. Woodfall also favoured this work with two or three of the *Biographical Sketches*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONETTO
DI
PETRARCA.

CCLXXII.

Ne per sereno Ciel ir vaghe stelle;
Ne per tranquillo Mar Legni spalmati,
Ne per Campagne Cavalieri armati
Ne per bei Bosche allegre Fere e snelle;
Ne d' aspettato Ben fresche Novelle;
Ne dir d' Amore in stili alt' ornati;
Ne tra chiare fontane e verdi prati
Dolce cantare honeste Donne e belle;

II.

Ne altro sara mai che al cor m' aggiunge:
Si seco il seppe quella sepelire
Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume e speglio.
Noia m' è il viver si gravosa e lunge
Ch' i chiamo il fine, per lo gran desire
Di reveder cui non veder fu 'l meglio.

TRANSLATION.

or splendid Stars journeying in Heaven serene;
Nor goodliest Ships on tranquil Sea display'd;
Nor armed Knights on ample Plain array'd;
Nor sportive Colts, nor Deer, in Forests green:
Nor sudden Tidings of wisht Good: nor Green
Of loveliest Mead: nor Fountains; nor the Shade;
With Song most sweet of chaste and beauteous Maid;
Nor Poesy, the Heart's enchanting Queen;

II.

Nor aught henceforth this Bosom may delight,
While it must think on her to earth consign'd;
Her, the sole Mirror to my constant view,
In which I saw whatever charm'd my Sight.
Tedious and heavy now is Life:—my Mind
Longs her again to see whom erst beheld I rue.

26 Jul. 1803. C. L.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. LOFFT.

BY NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD.

I.

'Tis gratitude inspires my song;
Sincere my prayer, O may you long
Wear the green wreath that never fades;
Of earth's hyblean bliss possest;
In blessing still supremely blest,
Embower'd in Troston's tranquil shades.

II.

The radiance of thy rising day
With wondering love all eyes survey;
Assured hope the scene pervades;
The prospect fair all hearts believe
Of glorious noon and happy eve;
Embower'd in Troston's tranquil shades.

III.

Thy name shall in thy deathless page
Admired live from age to age,
Ensample to each fair who reads
Of her who, in the prime of youth,
Woo'd science, taste, and radiant truth;
Embower'd in Troston's tranquil shades.

SONNET.

Yes! "there's another and a better world,"
Or else this sinking heart would break indeed!
For happiness in *this*, is seldom Virtue's meed;
Or why are Pity's eyes so oft with tears impearl'd?

Yes! we must still do right, and suffer wrong,
And bear the bitter taunt, the keen reproof,
And keep with awe from Grandeur's sons aloof;
For what but slights and scorn to poverty belong?

And yet, 'tis joy to think each moment's lapse,
Steals from the length, and number of our woes,
And nearer brings the prospect of repose,
Whilst Hope's fair robe Death's haggard face enwraps!
Ah! who would change with *him*, whose worldly eye
Views with affright what *none* could ever fly?

Brighton, August 14th, 1803. Una.

TO RICHARD COLE, ESQ.

IMITATION OF HORACE, LIB. 2, ODE 11.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes, &c.

RICHARD, my friend, dismiss to learn
What subtle schemes the Russians burn,
What Frenchmen meditate;
So long as ocean shall divide
Our shores, secure we may deride
Their boasting, and their hate.

Damp not the joys of present years
With vain, imaginary cares,
The future *may* produce;
To-day at least, my friend, is ours—
Then, e'er the storm of fortune lours,
Let's turn it to our use.

Beauty—Hilarity—each grace
And honour of the youthful face
Rides on Time's rapid steed;
To transports of luxurious love,
In age the cold suppression prove—
Gray hairs, bad nights, succeed.

The flowers of Spring forget to bloom,
And still the ever-varying moon
Increases to decay——
O then forbear the mind to vex,
With thoughts which serve but to perplex,—
Ills of a distant day.

Rather beneath the arbour's shade,
That skirts thy cottage woodland glade,
The song of pleasure troul;
In festive mirth thy time employ,
And o'er the circling glass enjoy,
Friends, "and the flow of soul."

For wine each carking care can brave—
"Hal! in the spring our bottles lave;"
It gives my wine a zest;—
Nor with thy happy notes refuse,
Rosa! the fancy to amuse
Of my capricious guest.

O come—and with thy music quell
Each sigh that would obstrusive swell
My peace-enamour'd mind;—
Come!—and adorn thy form, my fair,
With nameless grace, thy sable hair
In wanton fillets bind.

Stamford. OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

HAYMARKET.

AUGUST 10.---*Red Roy; or Oswyn and Helen.*---A grand pantomimical ballet by Mr. FARLEY, author of *Raymond and Agnes, the Corsair*, &c. taken from the story of *Robert Rouer M'Gregor*, better known in Scotland by the appellation of *Red Roy*, from his complexion, and the fiery colour of his beard. He was very noted towards the conclusion of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, having, with a desperate gang, infested the highlands of Scotland, and committed with impunity the most daring outrages. Upon this simple foundation, Mr. Farley has constructed the various and interesting incidents which compose the ballet of *Red Roy*.

In one of his predatory excursions, this formidable robber, although married, becomes enamoured of the daughter of an humble Scotish bard, and finds means to convey her to his retreat, whither she is followed by her lover *Oswyn*, in disguise, who, after numerous fruitless attempts, contrives, with the assistance of *Roy's* wife, who takes compassion on the distress of the unfortunate lovers, to effect an escape from their prison. *Helen* again falls into the power of the robber, and again is rescued by the persevering courage of *Oswyn*. In the end *Roy* is slain, and his banditti dispersed, and the piece concludes with the union of the faithful pair.

As must naturally be supposed, the materials of this ballet are a little similar in construction to those of preceding pantomimes, but the incidents are so ingeniously managed, and the interest so well preserved throughout every scene, that the piece, upon the whole, affords the highest gratification. The feelings of the spectators are strongly excited by the successive stratagems which are employed to accomplish the release of *Oswyn* and *Helen*, and the anxiety for their final safety, is raised to a pitch of the most agitating suspense. The entire action is finely adapted to the music, and the business and *grouping* furnish an additional proof of Mr. Farley's very superior skill in this species of composition. Davy's music, consisting of Scotch airs, compiled and original, and embellished with the most fascinating variations, deserves the highest encomiums. The introduction of the favourite air of "Roy's wife," has a most pleasing effect. Whitmore has also added greatly to his reputation, by the display of several beautiful specimens of pastoral and romantic scenery. Mr. Palmer in *Roy*; Mr. Taylor in the *Bard*; Mr. De Camp and the indefatigable Mrs. Gibbs in the two lovers; Mrs. Harlowe in Roy's Wife, and that astonishing infant Master Byrne, exerted themselves with the happiest effect.

20.---*Henry V.*---was acted for the Patriotic Fund, and the passages appli-

cable to the times were most enthusiastically applauded; the receipts amounted to £.200.

22.---Mr. MATHEWS's Benefit.---Mrs. Litchfield performed *Angela*, in the *Castle Spectre*, on this evening, and was warmly applauded throughout. The house was one of the fullest and most productive of the season; a reward to which the merits and industry of Mr. Mathews very justly entitled him.

23.---*The Tale of Mystery*---was performed for this night only, by permission of Mr. Harris. Mr. Farley played *Francisco*; and the piece altogether was respectably performed.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE will open on Monday the 12th Sept. The alterations in this theatre proceed with the utmost rapidity. The whole frame of the boxes is completely altered. The front is to be of white and gold, and the gallery slips are to be converted into private boxes. The frontispiece, it is worthy of notice, was originally designed for the duke's theatre, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the design is most superb. Several scenes painted thirty years since, by the able pencils of Dall and Lambert, have been retouched, and to the present generation of dramatic visitants, must appear as absolute novelties. The other decorations, and the new scenes, are in the best taste, and of the most magnificent description. A comedy by Reynolds; and an historical opera, and a pantomime by T. Dibdin, are to be among the earliest novelties. Mr. Kemble will make his appearance in *Hamlet*, and Pizarro is to be got up with great pomp of scenery and decoration. Several of Shakspeare's plays will also be revived; probably *Coriolanus, Henry VIII.* and *Antony and Cleopatra.* Mrs. Billington is expected to sing twelve nights.

DRURY LANE will open on Saturday the 10th Sept. with *Pizarro*, for the patriotic fund. Mr. Sheridan, it it said, purposes adding some new speeches to the character of *Rolla*, more closely applicable to exising circumstances. Elliston is engaged for two months at a liberal salary. Holman too is said to be engaged. Such an actor must be a great acquisition to the company, considering the formidable opposition it has to encounter. Mr. Cobb's opera, founded on the romance of *Zadig*, is again talked of, with Kelly's music; and Mr. Allingham, the author of *The Marriage Promise*, so successful last season, will of course be ready with another comedy.

The vessel in which Incledon embarked at Dublin, on his return to England, was wrecked in passing the Bar. Several of the passengers were lost. Incledon saved himself by climbing to the round top, with his wife lashed to him. They were several hours in this perilous condition, and were at length picked up by some fishermen who saw their distress from the shore. Mr. Major the musician, who accompanied the *wandering melodist*, was among the persons saved. Munden, though not on board himself, lost all his baggage. Incledon, after his return to Dublin, again advertised his entertainment, with the addition of *The Storm*. Fawcett is now acting at *York*, where his merits were first distinguished; Mrs. Young at *Colchester*, and Mrs. Jordan at *Richmond*, with Mr. Russell of Drury Lane. Bannister performed for her benefit *Sir John Restless* and *Scout*. Mr. Bannister has also played a few nights at *Brighton*. The excursions of the performers in general have not been very profitable this summer. Kemble was engaged to act eight nights at *Margate* on very advantageous terms

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to himself; but the theatre was so little attractive that he liberally released the managers from their engagement. Cooke had but a scanty benefit at *Cheltenham*; C. Kemble's House at *Durham* was nearly empty; and Capt. Caulfield has failed, even in the heart of the camp at *Brighton*, to attract his brother officers to the theatre. Madame Hillisberg, so long the favourite of the English on the opera stage, died lately at Calais on her way to see her mother. She had been for some time in a declining state.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

The managers, with their accustomed liberality on all great occasions, gave the entire receipts of one evening's entertainment to the laudable fund at Lloyd's Coffee-house. An address was written for the purpose by Cross, and spoken with admirable animation by Miss Adams, in the character of a British Amazon. The company, on this night, were highly entertained by the eccentric whim of Montgomery, in the character of Diggory Daggerwood, a stage-struck country bumpkin.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

ZINGINA, a grand historical Chinese spectacle, consisting of the greatest variety of scenery we almost ever remember, hath been recently produced, with brilliant success. Mrs. Astley is the heroine, and a more elegant and spirited performance we do not remember. There are fourteen new scenes, descriptive of the various and enchanting country in which the action is supposed to lie, and the painting and machinery do infinite credit to the various artists.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THE Army without Reserve, British Amazons, and the grand military spectacle called the Old Man of the Mountain, with other auxiliaries, and the fine weather, realize all the hopes and expectations of the ingenious manager, Mr. C. Dibdin, and the rest of the proprietors.

VAUXHALL.

NEVER since this delightful retreat was converted into gardens, for the amusement of the public, hath it experienced greater success than during the present season. On the Prince's birth-night we understand the company consisted of upwards of twelve thousand.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre Royal DUBLIN.---Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Munden, and Mr. H. Johnston, have performed their principal characters, highly to the satisfaction of the Dublin critics. Martial law being declared, on account of the rebellion, before they had their benefits, they were under the necessity of performing in the day-time, in order that the entertainments might be concluded before eight o'clock in the evening;---they commenced at one o'clock. Mr. Johnstone made his appearance in *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, and *Loony Mactwoulter*, and introduced himself with the following lyrical address:---

Safe I'm here, and with joy almost wild,
For in Ireland I first saw the sun;

Bless the nation, man, woman, and child,
  You're my countrymen, every one.
By the packet I sent pretty fast,
  Both letters and parcels to greet ye,
Till my own self I pack'd up at last,
  And my heart jumps with transport to meet ye.

Thirteen years---or the almanack lies---
  Now are past since I left Dublin Bay;
Tho' I rode in a ship, my poor eyes
  Were swimming the whole of the way;
And while absent---to say it I'm proud---
  Of dear Ireland I lack'd no reminders,
Nature's voice in my breast spoke so loud,
  That it burst in a brogue through my grinders.

Dear Ireland's my mother, agrah!
  Old England's her sister I grant;
Then it seems, since this lands my mamma,
  That I've staid a long while with my aunt.
London boasts of the Thames for its size,
  Its angels no soul can call frightful,
Patrick owns all these charms---still he cries
  "Oh! the Liffey and Shelah's delightful!"

If you'd know what I've done while away,
  I'll tell you before you can ask it,
I have work'd for John Bull, and must say
  He has put a few eggs in my basket;
But if eggs are applauses, I fear
  Dublin critics may soon have dispatch'd 'em;
'Faith my eggs may be all musty here,
  So I won't count my chicks till I've hatch'd 'em.

Now long life to you, jewels, say I,
  You have judgment, wit, all that is good,
By the powers I'll most certainly die,
  If I'm damn'd by the sons of the sod:
But you won't vex your countryman so,
  Thanks to Ireland---for birth I'm a debtor,
And believe me wherever I go,
  Nought but death shall e'er make me forget her.

Mr. H. Johnston, at his benefit, gave imitations of Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Cooke. On Mr. Holman's night, *False and True* was acted; Count Benini, Mr. Munden; O'Raffarty, Mr. Johnstone; Lealto, Mr. H. Johnston; and the subordinate characters by Messrs. Holman, Talbot, Hargrave, and all the principal performers in the theatre, who were anxious, on this occasion, to shew every mark of respect in their power to this distinguished actor, and estimable gentleman.

Theatre Royal GLASGOW.---After a successful campaign, our theatre closed on the 8th July :---our principal performers were Mr. Toms, who is a very respectable actor in genteel comedy, and in serious characters, such as the Stranger Penruddock, &c. he has but few equals out of London. Mr. Rock, Mr. Turpin, an excellent comic actor, particularly in the Yorkshire men ; Messrs. Bristow and Bell, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Turpin, Mrs. Duncan, &c. Mr. Bannister junior performed here twelve nights to crowded houses. The inhabitants of Glasgow have seldom received so much satisfaction from the abilities of an individual, and never did an actor exert himself more in contributing to their amusement, as was clearly shewn by the bursts of applause with which he was constantly received, and from the overflow at his benefit. During his stay here, he performed *Dr. Pangloss*, *Col. Feignwell*, *Tandem*, *Sheva*, *Marplot*, and *Sir Bashful Constant*, the latter for his own benefit. John Bull was performed here during his stay. Mr. B. in Job Thornberry, Mr. Rock, in Dennis Brulgruddery, Mr. Toms, in Frank Rochdale, Mr. Turpin in Dan, Mr. Bartley, (from Drury Lane) in Tom Shuffleton, and Miss Duncan, in Mary, made it pass off with astonishing *eclat*.

July, 1803. JOHN BLUNT.

Theatre CHELMSFORD.---The theatre here has been respectably attended.—Mr. Seymour has appeared in a variety of principal characters, with very great success ; he has been particularly admired in *John Bull*, a play that has been often repeated. On Tuesday, Aug. 8, it was acted for his benefit, which was uncommonly well attended. On this occasion he spoke Rolla's harangue to the soldiery, with a spontaneous introduction, to the following effect. The style of it is so extremely animated, that I trust it will not be thought unworthy of a situation in the Mirror.

" At a moment like this, when all ranks, parties, and distinctions of men are united, head, heart, and hand in the common cause of our country, little apology perhaps is needful for the introduction, here, of that eloquent and fervid address which Mr. Sheridan has ascribed, dramatically, to a generous and warlike chief. Circumstances, indeed, have occured since the composition of this speech, which appear to lessen, in some degree, the force of its present application. A remarkable change has taken place, not in the real temper, the fixed and rooted enmity of our implacable foe, but in his outward deportment, and the style and tone of language that he has recently adopted. His baneful progress, heretofore, in the subjugation and overthrow of surrounding states, was uniformly attended with flattering professions of good will, and promises to better the condition of the people: the grim aspect, and pestilent breath of rapacious war, was hid and suppressed behind a shade of odorous and budding olive; and *we* beheld, at a distance, in tranquil wonder, the splendid coruscations of this comet, while the regions over which it hovered, were yet only dazzled, and not consumed with its blaze; but now, grown impudent in evil, this flagitious spoiler, in his arrogant attack on us, disclaims hypocrisy, or rather, stripped of his specious mask by British vigilance and vigour, he starts up, like Satan at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, revealed in his naked horror and deformity, foaming and denouncing on us vengeance, chains, and ruin.---I beg pardon for this digression, and proceed to the speech."

Both this preface and the speech were most warmly received, and Mr. Seymour was called upon to repeat it on a subsequent evening.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.---Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Munden have played a certain number of nights each, with pretty good success. Braham and Storace are engaged to perform in September. The tragedy of *Macbeth* is announced for the benefit of the PATRIOTIC FUND, to be performed entirely by amateurs. Murray, judiciously consulting the spirit of the times, takes the play of *King John*, as it was performed last season at Covent Garden, with Dr. Valpy's additions and alterations. Emery is a great favourite with the town. Mathews, the popular comedian at the Haymarket, is engaged, with his wife, for the winter season : this will enable the managers to gratify the people with *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, in a capital style.

Theatre BIRMINGHAM.---The benefits, Harley's excepted, have been equally unproductive with the regular nights. Mr. Hill has been here for the last month, and Mrs. Billington is coming for a few nights, when it is to be hoped that her melodious notes will succeed in drowning, for a time, the noise of ' the *Cyclops' hammers*,' which the voice both of the comic and tragic Muse has been elevated in vain to silence.

Theatre Royal PLYMOUTH.—Theatricals are more flourishing in this town than in most others, at the present juncture. The *corps* has been lately strengthened by the acquisition of Mr. Egerton, who succeeded Mr. Elliston at Bath, and Mrs. Johnstone (for six nights) from the same theatre. Mrs. Frederick made her appearance in a ballet called *Rural Sports*, and has been much admired in various pantomimical characters. Mr. Winston is an extraordinary favourite in *Caleb Quotem*, *Ollapod*, &c. We forgot to mention, in our last, the excellent manner in which Mrs. Gore plays *Lucretia M'Tab* ; she gives it with a strong scotch accent, which increases the effect considerably. We are happy to perceive that the hint given to Mr. Neyler, in your last Mirror, has already been of essential service to him.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

The following is an extract of a letter from a lady who was passenger on board the Lady Hobart, Falmouth Packet, Capt. W. D. Fellowes, to her friends, dated the 4th of August :—

" We landed last night at Bristol, after suffering greater hardships, as I suppose, than almost any person could. We were shipwrecked on an island of ice, on the 28th of June, at one o'clock in the morning ; there was just time, after the packet struck, to get out two small boats, a small bag of bread, and a small quantity of wine and rum ; very soon after we were all in the boat, we saw her sink. We had then the melancholy prospect of being either starved or sunk, as our boats were loaded to the water's edge, and we were 400 miles from any land. After seven days and nights (during which time we had only about a quarter of a biscuit a day, and one wine-glass of some liquid) we made the island of Newfoundland, and at the same time saw a fishing boat, which took us into a small fishing cove, where the people all came down to the boats, and carried most of us into their houses, as few at that time were able to walk ;

one or two more days, and, I think, we should all have been dead. Most of the people were delirious. The captain was out of his mind for two days, and one man jumped overboard quite mad. We had too ladies, who both lost their senses the third day. I thank the Almighty that I preserved mine, which enabled me to take care of the others."

A letter from Ratisbon, dated July 25, says "His Majesty the King of Great Britain, has formally appealed to a Diet of the Empire, against that violation of the freedom and neutrality of the Empire which is committed in the seizure of Hanover by the French."

The following statement on the subject of the atrocities committed by the French troops in Hanover, is represented as being strictly consistent with the accounts received in a variety of private letters.---"Ever since the conquest, the whole electorate has been a scene of pillage and butchery, which is said to yield only to the state of Switzerland in spring 1798. The French soldiers have the most unbounded indulgence of their ruling passions of *rapacity*, *cruelty*, and *lust*. *In the city of Hanover, and even in the public streets, women of the highest rank, have been violated by the lowest of that brutal soldiery, in the presence of their husbands and fathers, and subject, at the same time, to such additional and undescribable outrages as the brutal fury of the violators, inflamed by drunkenness, could contrive.* We have seen the names of some of these unfortunate ladies: but the honour of their families, and the peace of their future lives (if they can have peace) forbid us to publish them." Scenes of equal atrocity are said to be frequent in every part of the electorate, and even districts have been put to military execution. Let the people of this country consider these things seriously at the present moment, and reflect what must be their fate if, through want of energy and spirit, they suffer the hordes of French plunderers to gain a footing on our shore.

We fully coincide in the remark of Mr. Sheridan, relative to the cloathing of the volunteer corps, many of which are so expensive as to preclude altogether a certain class of individuals from joining the ranks. It would undoubtedly be preferable, in a time like the present, when absolute energy, and in all probability actual service will be required, that the uniform should be as simple, and attended with as little expence as possible.

There is, perhaps, no body of men that could be of greater service in a field of battle than the *clergy*, whether regular or irregular: not less than *six thousand* of these gentlemen take out an annual licence for *shooting game*; and certainly a man who can bring down half a dozen brace of pheasants or partridges in the course of a day, may be able to do some execution against a regiment of Frenchmen. The Archbishop of Canterbury might lead the southern division of this black-coated corps, while his Grace of York might direct the northern. The bishops, deans, &c. will of course fill up the subordinate offices; the rectors and curates to constitute the serjeants, and rank and file.

Publication issued by Monsieur, Brother to the King of France.---Monsieur, brother of the King of France, has deemed it his duty no longer to remain silent respecting an important fact of which too vague an idea has hitherto gone abroad. The variety of lights in which it has been represented, and the false reports industriously circulated by an usurped government, imperiously

require that the opinion of the public, but more particularly that of Frenchmen, should be set right respecting the real state of the matter.

Such are the reasons which at the present conjuncture induce Monsieur to make public certain details, which particular circumstances do not allow, however interesting they may be, to be enumerated more at length than as follows:---

On the 26th February of the current year, a personage of prominent distinction, empowered by high authority, waited on the King of France at Warsaw, and verbally made to his Majesty in terms the most respectful, but at the same time the most urgent, and, in the opinion of him who urged them, the most persuasive, the astonishing proposal to renounce the throne of France, and to require the same renunciation on the part of all the members of the house of Bourbon: the envoy moreover observed, that, as a price of this sacrifice, Bonaparte would secure indemnities to his majesty, and even a splendid establishment. His majesty, strongly animated by that sentiment which the hand of adversity is never able to obliterate from elevated souls, and which makes him cling as tenaciously to his rights as he does to the happiness of France, immediately wrote the following answer, which he delivered on the 28th February to the person who was deputed to him.

ANSWER OF THE KING.

I am far from being inclined to confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I think highly of his valour, and of his military talents. Neither do I feel ungrateful for many acts of his administration; for whatever is done for the benefit of my people, shall always be dear to my heart. He is deceived, however, if he imagines that he can induce me to forego my claims, for otherwise he himself would confirm and establish them, could they be called in question, by the very step he has now taken.

I cannot pretend to know what may be the intentions of the Almighty respecting my race and myself; but I am well aware of the obligations imposed upon me by the rank to which he was pleased I should be born. As a Christian I shall continue to fulfil these obligations to my last breath. As a descendant of St. Louis I shall endeavour to imitate his example by respecting myself---even in captivity and chains. As successor of Francis I. I shall at least aspire to say with him---*We have lost every thing but our honour.*

At the bottom of this answer are written the following words:---

With the permission of the king my uncle, I adhere with heart and soul to the contents of this note.

(Signed) LOUIS ANTOINE.

On the 2d March the king wrote to Monsieur, acquainting him with what had passed, and instructed him to make known the same to the princes of the blood who were in England, taking charge himself to inform such of them respecting it who do not reside in that country. On the 22d April, Monsieur called a meeting of the princes, who with equal alacrity and unanimity have signed the following adhesion to the answer of the king of the 28th February:

ADHESION OF THE PRINCES.

We the undersigned princes, the brother, nephews and cousins of his majesty Louis XVIII. King of France and of Navarre---

Thoroughly impressed with the same sentiments with which our Sovereign Lord the King has shewn himself to be so honourably animated in his answer to the proposal made to him of renouncing the throne of France, and of requiring all the princes of this house in like manner to renounce all the imprescriptible claims to the succession to that same throne, DECLARE, That as our attachment to our rights, to our duty, and to our honour, can never permit us to forego our claims, we adhere with heart and soul to the answer made by our king.

That, in imitation of his example, we shall not lend ourselves in any manner whatever to any step or proceeding that can imply on our part a failing in whatever we owe to ourselves, to our ancestors, to our descendants.

WE FINALLY DECLARE, That being fully convinced that a large majority of the French people inwardly participate in all the sentiments by which we are animated, it is in the name of our loyal countrymen, as well as in our own, that we renew upon our sword, and to our king, the solemn and sacred oath to live and die faithful to our honour, and to our legitimate sovereign.

CHARLES PHILIPPE OF FRANCE.
CHARLES FERDINAND OF ARTOIS, Duke of Berri.
LOUIS PHILIPPE OF ORLEANS, Duke of Orleans.
ANTOINE PHILIPPE OF ORLEANS, Duke of Montpelier.
LOUIS CHARLES OF ORLEANS, Count of Beaujolois.
LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON, Prince of Conde.
LOUIS HENRY JOSEPH DE BOURBON CONDE, Duke of Bourbon.

Wansted House, April 23, 1803.

ADHESION OF THE DUKE OF ENGHEIN.

SIRE,

The letter of the 2d March, with which your majesty has vouchsafed to honour me, reached me in due time. Your majesty is too well acquainted with the blood which flows in my veins, to have entertained a moment's doubt respecting the tenour and spirit of the answer which your majesty calls for. I am a Frenchman, Sire, and a Frenchman faithful to his God, to his King, and to the oaths that are binding on his honour: many others may perhaps one day envy me this triple advantage. Will your majesty therefore vouchsafe to permit me to annex my signature to that of the Duke d'Augouleme, adhering, as I do, with him in heart and soul to the contents of the note of my sovereign? It is in these invariable sentiments that I remain, Sire, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and very faithful subject and servant,

(Signed) LOUIS ANTOINE HENRY DE BOURBON.

Ettenheim, in the dominions of the Margrave of
Baden, March 22, 1803.

The adhesion of the Prince de Conti has not yet been received; but no doubt can be entertained about it.

Monsieur has since learnt, that on the 19th of March the same envoy, pursuant to the orders which he had received, waited again upon the king. There was no longer any question about the substance of his majesty's answer, but some alterations were intimated respecting the terms in which the form of the answer should be couched; apprehensions seemed to be felt lest it should so far

irritate the usurper so as to prompt him to exert his influence in order to aggravate the misfortunes of the king. His majesty, however, observed, that *he should make no alteration in his answer, which was as moderate as could be expected; and that Bonaparte could not be justified in complaining of it, since if indeed it had treated him as a rebel and an usurper it would have told him no more than the truth.*---Upon this certain dangers were hinted to the king.---*What dangers?* observed the king.---*Ill-minded persons may require that I withdraw from the asylum that is granted to me. I will pity the sovereign who may deem himself compelled to take such a part, and I will withdraw.*---No; that is not it; but may it not be apprehended that M. Bonaparte will make it a point with certain powers to deprive the Comte de Lille of the assistance they now afford him?---*I do not dread poverty. Were it necessary, I would eat black bread with my family and faithful servants---but do not be alarmed, I shall never be reduced to that extremity. I have another resource to rely upon, which I do not think proper to resort to as long as I have powerful friends; and that is, to make known my situation in France, and to stretch out my hand, not---no, never to a government of usurpation, but to my faithful subjects; and, rely upon it, I shall soon be richer than I am now.*

The conclusion of the business was, that the envoy carried back the answer of the king, such as it first stood, which answer had been sent to him in the original, in case his majesty had been inclined to make any alteration in it.

Faithful subjects, hearts truly French, learn at length to know that king, so worthy of being yours, and of whom a government founded on usurpation would deprive you!

Who would be a Frenchman?---Read this:---"Notwithstanding all these difficulties, we reached the town (Alexandria), which was defended by a garrison of near five hundred Janizaries. Of the rest of the inhabitants, some had thrown themselves into the forts, and others got on the tops of their houses. In this situation they waited for an attack. The charge is sounded---our soldiers fly to the ramparts, which they scale in spite of the obstinate defence of the besieged; many Generals are wounded, among the rest Kleber. We lose near one hundred and fifty men, but courage at length subdues the obstinacy of the Turks. Repulsed on every side, they betake themselves to *God* and their *Prophet*, and fill their mosques. *Men, women, old, young, children at the breast, all are massacred.*"---(Copies of original Letters from the Army of General Bonaparte in Egypt, p. 150.)

Who would *not* be an Englishman?---Read this:---"I cannot omit a circumstance which reflects so much credit, as well on the British nation, as on the conduct of the soldiers actually employed, that notwithstanding the severe and spirited resistance of the French troops, yet no sooner were the works carried by assault, and the opposition no longer existed, than every animosity appeared to cease, and not a French soldier was either killed or wounded."---(Extract of Lieut. Gen. Grinfield's letter to Lord Hobart.)

Gallant Action.---The Catherine and Mary privateer, of London, of ten guns, four pounders, Captain Goodall, arrived at Plymouth on Sunday evening,

Aug. 2. from a cruise, in a very distressed condition; having had two very severe actions with the Caroline French brig privateer, of twenty-two long six-pounders, and ninety men, to which, after the most gallant defence, and after having expended every thing that could be converted into ammunition, she was compelled to strike. She fell in with the Caroline on the evening of the 23d ult. with the Sybille, an English south whaler, and the Active West Indiaman, in company, which she had captured. Notwithstanding her great superiority, Captain Goodall immediately attacked her, and after a severe contest, the Frenchman sheered off. In the course of the night, Captain Goodall recaptured the two English ships, but the Frenchman conceiving that by these means he had weakened his crew, renewed the attack with redoubled vigour, and continued it until the Catherine and Mary had not the power of discharging another gun, when, to prevent further slaughter, she was obliged to strike. During the engagement one man was killed, and nine wounded, two of them mortally, and the vessel was much cut in her masts, sails, rigging, and hull. After the Frenchmen boarded her, they cut away her mainmast, threw all her guns overboard, together with every other moveable force, quadrant, compasses, &c. except just enough to bring her to port, and after having taken Captain Goodall, and the mate out of her, they turned her adrift. The two recaptured vessels again fell into the hands of the French, after the capture of the Catherine and Mary, and they shaped their course for France; the Caroline had five English captains on board, taken out of ships she had captured. Captain Goodall is the husband of Mrs. Goodall the actress.

A German writer says, that Bonaparte is so ambitious, that he would have the Black Sea for a *wash-hand bason*---the Mediterranean for a *watering place*---the Baltic for a *fish pond*---the Atlantic for a *pleasure yatch*---and the *Pacific* Ocean for a *mirror* when he's in a *passion*.

DWYER, THE IRISH REBEL.---The humble and obscure history of the early life of this desperado, presents nothing worthy of notice. Born in the wilds of Wicklow, his first situation in life was that of a cow boy, and afterwards he was employed as a labourer in tanners' yards, till the breaking out of the late rebellion, at which time, being about six or seven and twenty years of age, he ranged himself under the banners of insurrection; and though always foremost in danger, had the good fortune to retire unhurt through all the battles of that deplorable contest. When the rebellion was put down, Dwyer withdrew, accompanied by a chosen band, into the fastnesses of his native mountains, where he has since kept his ground, bidding defiance to all the parties sent out from time to time against him.

On a certain night, three men, who had before been privates in the Meath Militia, and one of whom was the first that administered to his then chief, the oath of an United Irishman, suddenly deserted from his gang. Dwyer instantly concluded that they had been tempted by the reward to betray him, of which he not only soon after received a confirmation from his emissaries, but also intelligence of the night on which they were to set out for the purpose of securing him. Being well acquainted with all his haunts, they made little doubt of their success, but were waylaid by Dwyer, who put them to death with his own hand.

Early in the last spring, a survey was taken of that part of the country, and a

place marked out for the erection of a barrack, at the entrance of a glen, called Glenmerlore, which it is supposed would soon afford the facility of exploring the fastnesses, recesses, and caverns of the rebels. The work proceeded with great rapidity, and without the smallest molestation, till the month of June last, when preparations were making to roof and occupy the building. In the night time, however, when things seemed to be in the greatest forwardness, Dwyer appeared at the head of a strong party---and, laying a sufficient train of powder, blew it from the foundation, so that there appeared scarcely a vestige of it in the morning.

It must be a matter of astonishment, that an active, powerful, and vigilant government, could never succeed in exterminating this banditti from these mountains, however difficult or inaccessible they may at first sight appear. The rebel, who is intimately acquainted with the topography of the place, has his regular videts and scouts upon the *qui vive*, in all the most advantageous points, who, on the appearance of alarm, or the approach of strangers, blow their whistles, which resound through the innumerable caverns, and are the signals for a general muster to those hardy desperadoes. They are generally superintended by the Chief himself, or by his brother-in-law of the name of Byrne, a determined fellow, in whom alone he places great confidence. They are both great adepts at disguising their faces and persons, and are thought to pay frequent visits to the metropolis. Dwyer is an active vigorous fellow, about five feet nine inches high, with something of a stoop about the shoulders. He has a ruddy complexion, with lively penetrating eyes; and is said to be wonderfully patient of fatigue, and fearless of every kind of danger.

The following curious circumstance is mentioned by Dr. Wittman, in an account of his recent visit to Jerusalem:---" We were told by the priests at Jerusalem, of an extraordinary threat made by Bonaparte; namely, that should he ever obtain possession of Jerusalem, he would plant the tree of Liberty on the spot on which the cross of Jesus stood; and would bury the first French grenadier who should fall in the attack, in the tomb of our Saviour!"

An action for money, had and received under the following circumstances, was tried at the Maidstone Assizes. The defendant published in a pamphlet, edited by himself, that he was one John Wright, called by the Holy Spirit from Leeds to London, and from London to Avignon in France, to found a society of United Christians. In pursuance of this plan, and to shew his supernatural inspiration, the defendant had related many instances of his being in favour with the Holy Spirit; by these means he had prevailed upon many simple men to put him in possession of their property, by way of founding a society, which should have for its basis a community of goods.---The plaintiff, Phillips, was one of the foolish people who had been duped by him; he had given up his farm, and transferred all his property to the defendant, for the use of the United Christian Brethren, but finding himself deceived by the defendant, who, notwithstanding all his professions, had an eye to Mammon; he brought this action to recover the money he had been duped out of. It appeared, that the defendant had confessed he had received £.698 of the money of the plaintiff. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, for the amount of the money he had advanced.

General Levy is the first General in the British service, his veins are filled with true English blood, and his heart beats with true British courage. In the reign of

Queen Elizabeth, his name struck terror through all the Spanish Armada. The oldest man in the kingdom, at this instant, is ready to rally round his standard.

REBELLION IN IRELAND.—On Wednesday, the 20th July, and the two following days, the roads leading from the county of Kildare into Dublin, were frequented by more than an ordinary proportion of strangers of the lower class of people. On Saturday morning the district of the city upon that side which is called the Liberty, wore a very suspicious appearance, and a great number of idle persons were observed assembled in groups in that quarter. Information being sent to the town major of these extraordinary circumstances, he dispatched a party of the police, about seven o'clock on Saturday, for the purpose of taking up all suspected persons. The police accordingly proceeded to obey their orders; but being resisted in the execution of their duty, and finding a disposition to riot, which they were unable to quell, they returned for assistance. Lord Kilwarden had, a few hours before, set out for his country-seat at Newlands, but was overtaken by an express, recalling him; and had reached Thomas Street, upon his return, shortly after the party of police had retired. It is said to have been the intention of the rebels to have lain in wait until night, and then, sallying forth, to storm the castle, to take possession of the magazine in the Phœnix Park, carry the barracks by assault, and immediately to possess themselves of the artillery at Chapelizod. About a quarter before eight in the evening, Lord Kilwarden's post-chaise had reached the Market-house, a large detached stone building, standing at the end of Thomas Street, next the castle, exactly in the same position as the New Church in the Strand. In the carriage were Lord Kilwarden, his daughter, Miss Wolfe, and his nephew, the Rev. Richard Wolfe. His Lordship was soon recognised, and, just as the carriage came along the Market-house, a mob, hitherto concealed, rushed upon it in every direction, armed with guns, blunderbusses, pikes, swords, &c. some seized the horses by the head, and dragged the postillion from his seat; while others rushed to each side of the carriage, and opened the doors. Lord Kilwarden's nephew was first dragged from the carriage and assassinated. Then his Lordship was murdered on the other's body. His daughter was allowed by the ruffians to escape. She reached the castle about two o'clock in the morning. Having effected their diabolical purpose, they dragged the dead bodies down a lane leading to the river. The bodies were not found until Sunday morning. They appeared to have been stabbed in above twenty places, by pikes and bayonets.

The alarm instantly spread through the city; the drums beat to arms, and the military and volunteers attacked the insurgents, who were armed with muskets and long pikes, and not only threw hand grenades among the soldiers, but laid planks across the street, transfixed with nails, in order to disable the cavalry that might be brought against them.

The battle lasted from a quarter after eight until nearly eleven: during all which time the king's forces had not only to contend with the rebels in the streets, but also with great numbers who were stationed in the houses, and fired upon them from the windows; while others fired or threw down bricks and stones from the roofs. It is thought more of the military were killed by the rebels from the houses, than by their opponents in the streets.

Colonel Bro ne, of the 9' st infantry, was stabbed with pikes on his way to join his regiment, quartered in Cork Street barracks, situated in that part of Dublin where the rebellion was organised.

On Sunday morning, the dead bodies of the rebels were taken up in the streets, and carried to the castle-yard, for the purpose of having them identified. In the number were several women, who were found with pikes and stones in their hands. One corpse particularly attracted attention. It was the body of an old man, upwards of seventy, a shoemaker well known in the Liberty. He was bare footed and bare legged. He had been shot through the body, and lay upon the ground, with a large knife in each hand. The dead bodies appeared to be of the lowest orders of society, a mixture of low mechanics, inhabitants of the Liberty, and labourers from the counties of Dublin and Kildare.

The Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland immediately issued a proclamation, offering a reward for a discovery of the murderers. Martial law has been proclaimed, and the utmost vigilance has been employed in discovering the leaders of the rebels, and in preventing any further insurrection. A vast number of concealed arms and pikes has been found. The country is at present in a state of tranquillity.

Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice of Ireland, who was murdered with such circumstances of savage cruelty in Dublin, was about sixty years of age. He possessed a vigorous mind, and was a sound lawyer. In the year 1793, he was Attorney-General; and, what is a curious circumstance in a man of such a firm mind, he had ever since a presentiment that he should fall, as has been his lamented fate, by the hand of an assassin. This impression is supposed to have been made upon his mind by the numerous threatening anonymous letters sent to him at that period. He possessed a great deal of firmness; but there was nothing offensive in his manners or character. On the contrary, he conducted himself, during the late rebellion, with a degree of calmness, moderation, and patience, that must have entitled him even to the respect of rebels. He uniformly laboured to preserve the constitution, as far as it could be possibly preserved, without endangering the very existence of civil society, and was never betrayed into an act of violence or intemperance. A single anecdote will be sufficient to illustrate his character in this respect. When an attorney was taken up, during the late rebellion, upon suspicion of being engaged in treasonable practices, it was proposed to examine his papers—" No," said Lord Kilwarden, " the papers of an attorney are a sacred deposit placed in his hands by his clients, and must not be violated by exposure." His Lordship's opinion prevailed, and the papers were not examined.

The south-eastern side of Dublin, upon the southern side of the river Liffey, where the rebellion broke out, is chiefly composed of a district of considerable extent, called the Earl of Meath's Liberty. This name is in allusion to its civil state, as a place not within the ordinary jurisdiction of the magistrates of the city of Dublin, and as enjoying especial privileges and protections under the Earl of Meath, who is Lord Paramount. It was originally the seat of the manufacturers of Dublin, in the silken and woollen trade, the decline of which, for several years past, has reduced its inhabitants to the most deplorable state of wretched-

ness and poverty. This degree of misery is so much on the extreme, that, though it is as thickly inhabited as St. Giles's, and though the houses are little inferior, in external appearance to the streets in that quarter, the rents are so reduced, or so badly paid, it is supposed the ground upon which they stand would be more beneficial to the landlord if it were exclusively appropriated to agricultural uses. It is something like High-street, in the Borough, abounding with inns of inferior description, and various shops for the accommodation of country customers. Of course it was of that description of place in which a great number of strangers might assemble without exciting suspicion. It was, however, at the same time, a place, of all others, in which a military force could be brought to act with expedition. The street runs along the top of a hill parallel with the river Liffey, with the barracks underneath, and the castle of Dublin almost at the northern end. Military aid was, of course, immediately at hand.

BIRTHS.

At his Lordship's house, in Bloomsbury-square, the Right Hon. Lady Ellenborough, of a son, who is since dead. In Chandos Street, the Lady of Admiral Sir Charles Pole, of a daughter. The Lady of Sir John Gordon, Bart. of a daughter. At Viscount Newark's, Portman-square, the Hon. Mrs. Bentinck, of a son. At Somerset-place, Lady Louisa Rodney, of a daughter. Mrs. H. Johnston, of a son. Mrs. Boaden, wife of James Boaden, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED,

At Bath, T. W. Birchall, Esq. of the Royal Navy, to Miss Marrett. C. Cole, Esq. to Maria Bolland.

DIED,

On board L'Hercule, of 74 guns, in Port-Royal harbour, after only two days illness, Solomon Ferris, Esq. commander of that ship, and senior captain of the squadron on that station, aged 55. Capt. Ferris was the officer who so nobly defended the Hannibal, of 74 guns, in Sir James Saumarez's memorable action with the French squadron, in Algesiras Bay. At Catisfield, Hants. Vice-Admiral Robert Biggs. In Manchester-square, Augustine Greenland, Esq. late Deputy Teller of the Exchequer. At Florence, Lady Catherine Burgess. At Cobham-place, Sir W. Abdy, Bart. aged 71. The Hon. Mrs. Yates. Rev. Dr. Hussey, titular bishop of Waterford. At Sudbury, Roger Boehm, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank of England. At an advanced age, Mr. Jackson, the organist of Exeter. Monday morning, Aug. 1, after a week's illness, aged 58, Mr. William Woodfall, whose memory will long be revered by a very large circle of friends. Mr. Woodfall made himself eminently useful by the employment of his talents as a journalist, and by the character and distinction which his reports of the parliamentary debates acquired. At Rome, the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, aged 75. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Hervey, one of the under Secretaries of State in the Foreign Department.